

# The World Tomorrow

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Vol. IX.

APRIL, 1926

No. 4

## SOCIAL EQUALITY

### The Crux of Negro—White Relations

On Being "Superior"

What Is Social Equality?

Unthanked Workers for Democracy

The Artist in a Hostile Environment

Articles by E. Franklin Frazier, Zona Gale, John Haynes Holmes, William Pickens and others.

Personal Stories by Eric Walrond and Belle C. Morrill.

The Fellowship Press, Inc.

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# The World Tomorrow

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# The World Tomorrow

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## The Point of View

ARE we ready to give up our game of make believe? Can we throw aside the blinding goggles of tradition? Can we penetrate behind the masks we have compelled our colored fellow citizens to wear? Most of us have only played hitherto with this question of race relations. A few brave men and women, South and North, stand out as giants in their honesty, proving the possibility and the richness of interracial fellowship. But more of us turn from the basic issues. In truth it is far from simple, in the tangle of poverty and complacency in which local situations are enmeshed, to make headway with immediate problems while we bear witness to ultimate visions.

YET, without this, from whatever angle one approaches the question—whether one is concerned with housing, or lynching, or education, or industrial opportunity, or health, or morals—one stumbles into a baffling impasse. Equal rights—in which most of us profess to believe—can have no reality for any minority which the dominant group prejudices and sets apart. The color badge of inferiority must be transformed into a symbol of infinite and stirring variety of human life. Equal rights will also be in fact unreal so long as a temper of domination sets the pattern of social and economic relationships. The lordly ruler, however benevolent, can rarely avoid the warpings of class judgment. The exploited underlings of his own race will inevitably seek "compensation"—psychologically speaking—by holding themselves above the most obvious victim at hand. Thus the new alien suffers until he sloughs off his differences. The Negro and the Oriental have no escape, until the color badge has faded white in the repeated dilutions—which are still another story.

THIS number embodies an attempt to analyze prevailing attitudes and our thinking on the implications of "rights." The writers seem to have an unusual degree of frankness, of mutual flattery—which only proper game and postpones sober wrest facts—is almost entirely absent. *Morrill and E. Franklin Frazier*, both involved in local Southern write of different aspects of social *John Haynes Holmes*, a tried North- tagonist of equality, gives it a fro- tion. A young Northern art student *Shemitz*, and her friend, *Grace Lu-* proper Southern background, write effect on the creative artist of environment. How race prejudice on the "superior" group is ana- *Zona Gale*. And *William Pickens*, some of the wider implications of ican life of the Negro's struggle play. Not least interesting to us concrete incidents assembled by *Collins*, in connection with his wo- Fellowship of Reconciliation, and statements from three young white- erners giving their reasons for be- social equality.

THIS subject is of pressing im- we believe, and yet in this re- have tried not to neglect other developments. Significant news in the *Headlines* are assembled. *As We See It* is briefly discussed. Another page is added to *The Album* in the anonymous sketch Jones. Coley Taylor shares his current *Worth While Plays* of the York stage. And of course *The* is given to Eccentricus.



# The World Tomorrow

A Journal Looking Toward a Social Order Based on the Principles of Jesus

Vol. IX.

APRIL, 1926

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## "Keep Out!"

BELLE C. MORRILL

THE bronzy-red oaks, the yellow osage oranges and the deep red sweet-gums danced in and out and flaunted their skirts in the faces of the soberly dressed, matronly pines that breezy November morning. And for once, we lovers of those dazzling beauties of a northern autumn—our scarlet maples—did not miss them, at the head of our line of hikers flamed a sprite of a girl in a maple-red sweater—the drum-major of our procession. Behind her marched an impromptu band of "ukes" playing kazoos strumming and shrieking "Yearning" and a popular song to the old familiar "Boola," seeking in vain to drag the "strollers" up to their pace.

To be sure, there were more hikers than strollers that morning, perhaps because of the psychological effect of the stickers which the Committee on Dress Regulation had allowed the girls to wear for the first time that day. So the spirits of the twenty-seven girls, released from a colorless campus, were high that morning, and not even the stinging taunts of "Nigger! Nigger!" from the tow-headed "backer" children on the way, spoiled the enthusiasm. To the rest of us, whose color a recent English writer calls a faded pinko-gray, that long line of girls, varying from the cream of magnolia blossoms through all the shades of tan to the rich restfulness of dark brown, was no less beautiful than the autumn tints, so like their own faces. Our destination was a hill that had, for some years, served as a safe picnic ground. It was, so we had been told, a property, a distant part of the section occupied by the peculiar Sanitarium, and the nearest houses were all inhabited by Negroes.

Reaching the spot, some scrambled up the steep bank while the burden bearers took the longer and easier path; wienies, rolls and apples and charcoal were dumped in one spot, leaves were brushed aside from the "stove" we had made a year before. Then, what we hadn't planned, happened. One of the last girls came up panting, "The woman in the white house says we can't stay here!"

I called the President's wife for moral support and together we went back to a new, gray house, built since our picnic. On the porch sat a white woman, frowzy and

furious. Seeking to impress her, if I could, I smiled outwardly and attempted introductions.

"This is Mrs. Brewster, the wife of the President of our school."

"What school?" snarled Mrs. Gray House, rocking violently.

"Ware College. I understand you spoke to the girls, but I wasn't near enough to hear what you said."

"Wall, we cain't have nobody over there, an' we ain't goin' to. You all ain't got no right on other folks propetty. Folks over there all the time." As she paused for breath, Mrs. Brewster thrust in.

"But it isn't posted!"

"Wall, we ain't goin' to have nobody there anyways—'specially niggers."

"Oh, *that's* your objection?" I questioned with deliberate innocence. She flushed, and evaded the question—

"Wall, it's our propetty an' we cain't have nobody over there."

"Oh, we've been told it was Sanitarium property, and we've been there for years with no objections from anyone. We were there just one year ago today."

"Wall, we weren't here then, but we ain't goin' to stand for it. Carryin' the trees an' everything away."

Mrs. Brewster stiffened.

"Well, we never do any harm to any property, or leave any trash around. And we are always careful to put our fire all out when——"

"Wall, we ain't goin' to have nobody there——" and as we turned we heard the rest of it—"specially niggers."

Then the question came—where could we find a place! Giving the girls orders to bring everything off the disputed property and wait on the public highway for instructions, I searched in my mind for "fresh fields and pastures new."

In a flash of inspiration I remembered another hill nearby; asked information about the owner from one of the Negro cabins; and then, encouraged by the woman's statement that "he was a nice, white man," hunted up Mr. Lee. He was in a genial, talkative frame of mind and not only gave us hearty permission, but told me who the owner of the other



hill was—a man who lived over in the neighboring state.

Our second camping place was larger, more secluded, better in every way. A freshman made the best fire-hole I have ever used; another girl worked up a screaming, impromptu circus; everyone did everything, equally enthusiastic over wienies and Van Dyke's nature poems.

But I keep remembering that woman—her dress, her face, her flat, repetitious argument. If she hasn't "posted" those woods yet, she has at least, "posted" her own soul. "Keep out!" is written all over her face. Knowledge, cleanliness, sympathy—"Keep out!" Inside the barbed wire fence that

surrounds her soul, ignorance, littleness and prejudice d

I am sorry for her. I am sorrier for her little girl heard and saw everything on the porch that morning. will doubtless be another of those little stone-throwers insult-hurlers, like those other children on the road. after all—my immaculate, big-hearted girls had more think of that day than her unkind words. They were ha—she was not. Here then, is one of the problems of new day. How to show individuals, races, nations—when their souls say "Keep out!" they are not only injuring others—they are sealing their own tombs!

## The Artist in a Hostile Environment

GRACE LUMPKIN and ESTHER SHEMITZ

IN every artist there is need at times for absolute detachment from the things which go on about him in order that he may give himself more entirely to the workings which a creative impulse has released within him. This in the Negro, set out as a target by his physical characteristics, is absolutely prohibited. The rankling of the insults and humiliations which are his daily round would disturb the poise of any average human being. Added to this are the horrors resultant from unjust discrimination, inequality, and sectional Jesuitism. Atrocities that never reach the regular white owned press dot accusingly the pages of his own magazines, "Opportunity" and "The Crisis," the official organs of the National Urban League and The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, respectively.

With these daily reminders is it possible for him to throw off the overwhelming burden of the sufferings of his oppressed fellows and of his own tortured person in order that he may rhapsodize in the commonwealth of poets? Art is universal. Can he ever forget his body and his lacerated mind, his color, his race, sufficiently to let his soul soar out into the clear atmosphere of creation where all are one in the desire for expression? It is hard to believe or even expect that he can permit himself such a luxury. When his senses cry out at the injustice of an attitude, when his flesh burns with indignation against white brutality, it is only proper to suppose he will use every ounce of energy within him to counteract in words, both written and spoken, that ugliness which is being used against him. Urged and goaded on by outrages, encouraged by his own organized agencies, many a young Negro has dissipated, flung back, denied that bit of fire, creation, and gradually smothered it. It is not for us here to judge whether or not his energy was well spent. Propaganda in any form is temporary, art has a continuity. Propagandizing is spurred on by outside stimulation and temporary if forceful reactions; art depends on inward life, the uninterrupted flow of one form into another. Propaganda is an overemphasis of one phase of the snarl of life with one of the fifty-seven varieties of remedies attached. Art is never more than an interpretation. Let the Negro interpret that part of our present society we know so little of, himself. There is much that can be done to replace for us with interesting human beings the current

minstrel, mammy and uncle types, and there is no one better prepared than he to do it.

But here enters the danger of confining him to that territory. This must not be. Neither through the enthusiasm of supporters in his own race nor in the fearful minds of the white populace should this limitation exist.

THE recent successes of Paul Robeson in the O'Malley plays, first in *Emperor Jones* and later in *All God's Chillun Got Wings* have met with much applause, but have not materialized in further engagements for him on stage. Is this, then, to end his career as an actor until a play with a colored rôle appears? What a pitiful waste of good material! It is reasonable to conjecture that with the Negro's emotional heritage, his sympathetic understanding, he could excel in any rôle for which unhindered talent might qualify him. Would it be any more incongruous for a Negro to lighten his skin and play Hamlet than for William Hampden to darken his and play Othello? Surely the lack of make-up is not at fault here.

Although Roland Hayes, the tenor, has been accorded the greatest honors that can come to a singer—having appeared as the soloist with the Boston Symphony and other orchestras of note and filled to overflowing the largest concert halls in New York City—nevertheless it is evident that the white audience holds a reservation in the background of its appreciation. This is illustrated by a discussion overheard between two musicians during an intermission of the Roland Hayes concert at Carnegie Hall. The difficulty seemed to be that one of the men, a competent musician, could not overcome his prejudice against a Negro's venturing into the classics. He could enjoy an evening of spiritous or glee club ditties sung by a Negro; that seemed natural. But for a member of the dark race to branch out into Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert—that was going a bit too far.

Although it took a good bit of pioneering and education by far-sighted individuals, amongst whom John Work stands out as one of the most persistent, the spirituals have, to a large extent, lost the sting which association with slavery and oppression gave them, and are now appreciated as a contribution to American folk music. Paul Robeson with the help of a good voice is now singing spirituals and is capitalizing this tardy concession.



HERE are other points conceded. The decorative African motif, so popular among moderns especially on the continent, is one of the plumes in the bonnet of the Negro artist. For the Negro, struggling between a conscious effort to make an impression at all costs and the beginnings of a self-confidence and poise, has had to bring to light all possible background which might elevate him in his own and others' esteem. So difficult has it been for him to secure recognition that he is tempted to overemphasize this heritage which has won popularity and to devote too much time to a merely decorative art craft. The young artist, then, imitating the work of his African fathers, is apt to confuse the starting point with the actual goal.

Yet even after he has assimilated along with his own the varying artistic backgrounds of all the races and of all ages is prepared to go on, he is again halted by an inexorable public opinion. Henry Tanner, a notable, successful artist whose pictures are exhibited at the Luxembourg in France, Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, the Pennsylvania Academy, the Institute in Chicago, and other museums, was especially interested in the study of Jewish biblical characters and subjects. Other Negro artists evidently through fear of being looked down on or ignored by a prejudiced audience have neglected their own environment in the search for subject matter. Surely it cannot be that their work would be less true, that the most faithful portrayal is always of that which we know best. Perhaps it is because they have accepted the ideal of beauty. If this last is true, what seems to be needed is a revaluation by both white and black of what constitutes a revealing line or to what extent pigment alters the delineation of underlying feeling or spirit that makes a human face worth putting on canvas. It remains to be seen whether this revaluation will be forced by a group of talented Negro artists or whether a sincere appreciation will come spontaneously from those whites who are keen enough to meet the isolated Negro genius half way.

There is in literature today a tremendous amount of cheap slap-dash work put out by the younger set of writers here and abroad,—realistic in content, a cause for contemplation, but modernistic in form. In a good many cases the material is slung together hurriedly so as to waste no time in gaining recognition. Much of it is in imitation of pure work that has thought, experience and understanding back it. The young Negro has not escaped this general tendency. And the inclination is encouraged by leaders of the races, who, impatient with the slower but surer development, urge their prodigy on by speaking of fairly good stuff in terms of real art, so confusing the genuineness of criticism and the sincerity of their own good will.

ANY talented men and women of both races are earning their livelihood during the day and only giving spare hours to their chosen avocations. This situation is not so much to be decried. It is far in advance of the old patronage idea. For the white who has a background of experience and fitting qualifications there are openings not too wasteful, and at least somewhat remunerative. But the limited occupations and narrow margin of opportunity shown darkly on the horizon of the Negro aspirant in the balancing a tray of dirty dishes on the flat of one hand, subject to the whims of petulant, overdressed gentle-

men, the odor of food hovering in his nostrils,—this is the way Langston Hughes, the young author of *The Weary Blues* just issued by Knopf, is first introduced to us after Vachel Lindsay's accidental discovery of the poet. The Negro worker, however unusual he may be, except in isolated cases has to meet with the additional hindrance in the minds of the powers that be as well as those of his fellow white workers as the traditional and predestined "hewer of wood and drawer of water." This ancient attitude which relegates the Negro to the field and kitchen has been somewhat modified since the war and the passing of the immigration laws have opened up entirely new territory in the automobile industry of Detroit, the steel mills of Pennsylvania, and slaughter-houses of Chicago. These jobs call for men of brawn however, and since the brain worker is not conspicuously one of these, the situation, a relief for a good many others of his race, does not affect him. Aside, then, from the openings in the increasing number of Negro enterprises (which have absorbed a few of these), hundreds of educated colored men and women, our artist included, must fall back on the most menial and poorly paid jobs such as porter, bus boy, kitchen help, elevator operator.

One of the most hurtful generalities held by those who champion race discrimination is that only with rare exceptions has the Negro developed beyond a certain point of mediocrity; that it is impossible for him to attain genuine musicianship, for instance. Sentimental patronage attempts to smooth over this supposed lack of real genius by exaggeration. The fact does remain, however, that up to this time the Negro has not been on an equal footing with his white brothers economically or socially. What he will have the ability to do when his opportunity to develop shall equal that of his judges remains a matter of the future. At present he is the underdog, born into poverty and even in childhood forced to contribute to the household coffers. Under these circumstances, how can the Negro musician or artist secure the early training which will enable him to excel or even to attain a respected place in the arts? Among all races there have been exceptions, but nearly always the person who developed late in any art had received earlier training in an allied form. He should not be confounded with the Negro who, beginning late in the essentials, has no similar experience or knowledge to fall back on.

THROUGHOUT the ages the combined desire for recognition and the urge to express have led talented men and women to seek patrons amongst the influential and wealthy. The reaction, as we know, has almost invariably been a demand that the protegee adjust his work to fit the whims of the benefactor. At present any young artist who is willing to live simply can earn enough by which to do so, especially if he possess some specific marketable ability. But the glamor of the praise and acclaim and the material advantages accompanying recognition is so strong that the joy of expression is often lost in the striving for meteoric success. In the Negro there is necessity of winning over an antagonistic public from whom he must for the sake of himself and his race somehow wrench or cajole this recognition. Although not altogether to be so termed in the old sense, still White America, because of its majority in numbers and influence, its potential book buyers with power



to sway the pendulum of sales in either direction, is indeed in reality the patron tenderly treasuring limitations in regard to what the Negro may or may not dare. It either con-

descendingly acclaims or stands on its dignity and the Negro remembering what is at stake, is forced to consider well he outrage a very live sense of superiority.

# Adventures in Misunderstanding

## A Personal Experience

### ERIC WALROND

IT rose to a mellow clarity, down in a city enshrined on the crest of a pirate sea. There I worked for two years beside a man. He was white, British, and symbolical—scores of him had traveled traditionally through the corridors of my consciousness. The harsh beat of the tropic sun had given a sallow ivory tint to his complexion. He was shabby and shuffle-gaited and at his mouth there dribbled a yellow paper cigarette. An enviable derelict,—solid in the superstitions of the Crown,—his chief right to distinction lay in certain animal habits of work. Each day the word *that* crept to the head of the sentence which began the paper's leading editorial article. "That the city of Cayos is about to have a new fire brigade—"; "That Cayos needs a free port—"; "That visitors through the Cayos cut—." Ad infinitum. He despised water, wore pumps and baggy pongee silk, was fat, golden-haired, and round-bodied, and roamed the city's environs hatless. He wrote up parades twenty-four hours before they passed and was the paper's ablest reporter.

I was eighteen, a black subject of the King, and there were others who added to my experience. One was the "kid"—the office cashier—lanky, quick-worded, thin. He was a skyrocket of energy and had married a Chinese belle—daughter of a proud and austere rice king. But in a certain village in New Hampshire the folks were left to ponder the reason of the kid's failure to bring, and let them see, year after year, when he came up on vacation to the States, his wife and young baby. They were so eager to see them.

Of them all, the old man, the governor, had buried himself most completely. One of the early pioneers, he had come, like hosts of white men, shielding a passion. His, however, snorted at the "dough" notions of the motley herd, but lit on to less ephemeral things. He studied birds and flowers, wrote a history of the Republic, and one rosy dawn stood pious before the glowing purity of a dusky senorita. Righteous act, it quickened the tempo of the high passion in him. The kid's father-in-law, the Eastern baron, kept on the roof of a palatial dwelling on Calle Bolivar the most priceless collection of orchids in the republic. Here on a soft October night, the old man'd steal, a son of the fluttering earth, to marvel at the opulent tryst of the stars and the moon and the black night.

He wrote reams of gloating prose on the multiple varieties of orchids and the ever-present aurora borealis; and Chita, the native girl in question, a lovely, domestic soul, bore him four hardy oak-skinned sons.

JOY and serenity blinded us, until one day a crowd walked down Front Street. An orderly tuft of peons, West Indian dock hands, and musk-faced *tinerillos* in blazing

white. In the midst of them were Sam Langford and manager, a Boston white man. Sam was yet able to see of both eyes, and he was to fight Harry Wills, who'd come down to us (I recall distinctly the way the English-speaking papers, including the one I worked on, got around the difficulty of an unexpected situation and said that Mrs. W was "white." I confess that I, too, was taken in, until I came to New York.) A number of cogs took speed, and generated more unguessed motion, some of which, like mine, was vaguely potential, than Cayos was able to utilize. The fight, an unexciting affair, came off, but the city was lurking and the white man, Sam's mentor, drew for me after the rest had gone home at night graphic pictures of work and opportunity "up the States." It edged its way into me slowly and uprootingly. It soon produced a feeling of nostalgia. Elsewhere in the room I found a maddening abstraction, and in a month I was packed up, and was on my way to New York.

Young, black—the city rolling above me—I was seized by the sober aspect of work. I had to work. With the energy I had put aside blindly for creative work timorously organized, I began to search about.

New York!

America!

Very logically the newspapers dominated my vision, and I, quite freely and spontaneously, went to the *Brick*. I was serenely unaware of myself and I was cursed by none of the regards of color.

I was met by a young woman who, I gathered, became inflamed at the colossal audacity of me that she did not feel the need to conceal outwardly the horror which she felt.

"Why, no!" she cried, "there are no vacancies here—you can't see the city editor. I'm his assistant; what is it?"

Safe in my density, I went to the *Times*. (I had been to others, but I guess I was unlucky or did not have the right approach, for I seldom got past the third or fourth assistant to the head office boy.) I was met by a frumpish woman who, at a cold, hard look at me, shook her head and said I hadn't the slightest chance in the world.

I went out, restless, in the presence of the unerring currence.

But I was weaned by none of it, and I descended to the world of the tabloids. High-strung, fidgety, go-gettish and you know the managing editor, at the sudden stark glare of me, bristled with the emotion of an idea. *I was the very man for it!*

Swiftly I was passed on to it. Back, deep in the no-man's-land regions of the paper, there sat a red-headed Jew, ink-smudged and freckle-faced, who did daily a comic strip about "cullud folks." I examined some of it. It was neither



uthful nor realistic, but like most comic strips, broad, and  
yd, and vulgar.

I must be unduly susceptible, for the managing editor said  
would bring the "cullud folks" galloping to the paper if  
ese strips had nice peppy darky titles to them. Would I not  
e to do them? All I would be required to do was go  
rough the "black belt"—the pool rooms, honky tonks,  
barets and court rooms—and dig up the stuff and the little  
w'd draw pictures to them.

But in my unconscious fury, my instincts began to quake  
d with a feeling of self-righteousness I failed to return  
th samples of the stuff.

WITH one editor I had an ordeal, which served to cure  
me. Under no better circumstances could I have  
ne to anyone. Accurately and gently there was communi-  
ted to him something of the desires poisoning me. My  
wers were coolly substantiated and not exaggerated.

Met, I sat on a low shaky chair an aisle away from my  
an. White-haired, steel-eyed and stolid, in the icy presence  
him I felt at the end of the world, lost. His harsh grey  
es bored far and deep into me. I was a sort of microbe.

I could not be a reporter, he began mechanically, because  
ere were too many men available for that. Which settled  
at point. Ignoring the words which I took the fragile  
casation to murmur about free lance work in which I had  
en engaged, he proceeded. Very well then, he said, I'll  
you what to do. You go home and study the paper. Yes,  
Take a copy of it with you and study it and then see  
you can't design something which you could contribute to  
I shall be always glad to see you, but you need not come  
back until you've got your ideas in shape—

Mechanically the chair swivelled round, and I was left  
one.

The vast microcosm of New York stared at me. I was  
eld enthralled by it. Out of it I began to reach for things  
ideas to fit into the paper. At first it was a distraction,  
ot without the effects of annoyance, but soon it quickened  
a passion. My nights'd be dinned by the monotony of it.  
eas cried to be caught, and pressed down to paper. Fur-  
usly I ransacked my brains.

At the end of the week I returned and anxiously left them  
n the great man's desk. Gladdened by the feeling of a job  
conceived to be well done, I went home, ready for any  
ndulgence.

I waited a week, ten days, two weeks, until finally I could  
ot resist the old anxiety, and I ventured to see what'd hap-  
ened.

I proceeded to wait, he being not in, on a bench opposite  
he door to his office. I waited and waited till the building  
mptied.

I waited like that, I think three or four times, until one  
vening, about seven o'clock, I saw him. Sitting on the  
ench, he could not fail to see me. Meeting my eyes, he  
ame forward, a smile on his face, his hand outstretched!

*I was going to get the job!*

He had received the "ideas," but he was busy and would  
ke me to wait. Into his office he disappeared.

Hopes high, I proceeded to wait. I'd have waited a night,  
day, a day and a night, a fortnight—

Suddenly the secretary, a reserved, dark-browed young  
man, appeared, bowing, bowing. He had a pad and pencil  
in his hand. He was scrupulous and regretful, but Mr. So-  
and-So would find it extremely difficult to dispose of the  
immense accumulation of work—

Wouldn't I return tomorrow?

Certainly, I said, certainly, I'd be glad to return tomorrow.

At dusk the next day I returned, and again I proceeded to  
wait. Down the corridor he suddenly appeared, talking to  
one of the men. I waited, and they soon separated. Office  
bent, he could not but see me, and I casually turned my face  
down the corridor. He saw me and a friendly smile was on  
his face.

He was polite, and gracious, and shook hands. God, I  
*was going to get the job!* But he was sorry—very sorry—  
but couldn't I return tomorrow—

All about me rings and gaps—swirling and tightening—  
raised high ebullient hopes.

I returned the next day. Waiting on a stool in the cor-  
ridor, there swirled about me noise, bustle, hope. Big news  
was breaking. Peking—Paris—San Francisco—

Yesterday's serenity had vanished.

Again I sent in my name.

This time he came out himself. In his hands was a bundle  
of papers. My heart was bolting wildly. Scarce looking at  
me, he fingered the papers and stared upward at an arrow of  
sun the window had let in. Nodding to a passing feature  
man, he said the ideas in them were good. But, he said,  
watching a lady bird ascending the high yellowish wall, they  
weren't for him. Back to me, to the dark blot of me, he  
came, and said some other paper'd undoubtedly be glad to  
get them. Why not try? At last, with a click of heels, he  
turned, and murmured good day, and left me standing there,  
stupidly.

Thenceforth, I shied at the grizzly monster I found lurk-  
ing in the shadows of every New York newspaper office I  
visited. I went home to succumb to the lust of the creative  
mistress I found awaiting me.

But I was willing to be conquered, firm in the legend of  
the equality of our union.

THE salt of the tropic sea ravaging the blood in my veins,  
I sped up Broadway.

Presently I was facing the editor of a popular fiction  
magazine. I was, although I was not aware of it, on the  
scent of the American mind, and he was extremely gracious  
to me.

Viewing a mound of manuscript of mine which someone  
had kindly sent him, he gave me the essence of a viewpoint  
which I hope never to lose sight of.

"Say, you can't do that! You can't kill a man and not  
bring the murderer to justice!"

"When you put a white and pink quadroon girl in the arms  
of a black man, you shock both North and South and East  
and West—"

"I don't know why it is, but you can't say for *Christ's*  
*sake*—you can only say for *God's sake*."

It was "irreverent" stuff, but I was adrift on an angry  
sea and so I very readily wrote and rewrote and sold him  
two disgusting "darky stories."



**F**ORCED into personal service, I find blacks and browns and yellows of college breeding alongside me. I have simply stumbled upon a traditional situation. I, we, are porters on railroads, waiters at pleasure resorts, housemen in hotels. Light and dark-skinned girls (the former having, in addition, to feel more keenly than I, for instance, the pain of servitude in a way which carries with it more disastrous consequences) are maids to prima donnas and manicurists in barber shops. One girl, a budding poet, worked at a barber shop in Washington frequented by senators and congressmen. I despair of things when this girl, or these men, of a creative bent, whom I have encountered as lackeys, begin to set down the things they have seen and heard as domestics. But I am not sadistic and I believe the dicta to restrict the creative impulses of the Negro to the experiences of the blacks will be tempered by a tolerance and even a wish for transcripts of life more cosmically felt and conceived.

### Is There a Caste System in America?

*(Incidents selected by George L. Collins, one of the Secretaries of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Four of the items are from "And Who Is My Neighbor?" published by The Inquiry.)*

**W**HEN a colored man went to the Belmont Hotel, in New York, to see his friend Clarence Darrow, the elevator starter tried to send him around to the service elevator, where the "help" and the freight are accommodated. Nothing but the colored man's flat refusal won him the right to ride in a passenger elevator run for all guests. Other New York hotels treat all colored people in this way.

\* \* \*

There are newspapers and magazines in the United States which violate both grammar and commonsense in writing the word Negro with a small "n" despite the fact that it is the name of a race like Caucasian or Mongolian. Note the anomaly: "In this town there are Chinese, Irish, Czechs, Poles, and Negroes."

\* \* \*

Recently the "Christian Herald" advertised a trip to the Holy Land for preachers. A minister of the south who had been taking the journal for years wrote and booked passage and paid his fee, but when his passport came in, it was found that he was colored. Upon arriving in New York, he was refused passage, and his money was refunded with \$150 extra for his other expenses.

\* \* \*

"Wanted: Factory helpers; experienced only; white \$24.00, colored \$20.00. Apply——."

\* \* \*

The dentists of an eastern state held a convention in a large city. A few days before the convention met, the colored dentists of the city received word from their professional brethren that they might attend the convention provided they used the fire escape at the rear of the building and sat in seats that would be reserved for them.

\* \* \*

In South Carolina a white man stole an auto and was sentenced to thirty days; on the same day and by the same

judge a Negro who stole a bicycle was sent to the chain gang for three years.

\* \* \*

An educated and gentlemanly colored man returned from serving in France "to make the world safe for democracy" to his home in a northern state. He took a civil service examination for a position in the customs service and was notified by mail that he stood first on the list of candidates with a grade of 98.5 per cent. When he went to the office to see about his appointment, the woman in charge was dumbfounded to discover that he was a colored man. "I didn't suppose that would make any difference," he said. "In this case it does," said the woman. The position put one in charge of ten white women." The position was given to a white man who rated 75 per cent on the examination.

\* \* \*

A number of colored families moved into the tract opened up by a Negro development corporation. A white woman of the residential colony nearby had an idea. One morning she knocked at the Negro home nearest the station, asking where she might find a cook. The colored woman who had opened the door tactfully replied, "Yes, servants are difficult to keep these days, aren't they? I have had three in less than two months!"

\* \* \*

A colored girl on the faculty of a Negro college recently went to stay overnight with her brother who lived a few miles out from the college town. He was a successful farmer whose cotton crop had aroused the envy of some of the white farmers of the neighborhood. There were rumors that his cotton might be burned. Late on this particular night the brother and sister heard a disturbance about the outbuildings. He went outside. The sister heard a shot, and as she went out she saw him lying dead. As she stood by the side of his body some of the group of white men standing by said, "Let's kill her too." But the sheriff stepped out of the group and ordered them to leave her alone. Unaided, she then loaded her brother's body into his truck and drove him to town.

\* \* \*

A colored man was recently sentenced to death in Delaware for assaulting a white girl. Two white men in Alabama were fined \$250 each for assaulting colored girls.

\* \* \*

She is a native of a Gulf state who until several weeks ago was on the college faculty. But she attended a Negro student conference and ate several meals with the colored students so the president is dismissing her. But she said to a friend, "The conference was worth it."

\* \* \*

A colored student home from college for vacation was working in his father's store. When a white drummer accosted his mother familiarly by her first name, the latter asked the man if he would not use the term "Mrs." The drummer assented, but later the incident got around town and the mayor with several other men came to the store and threatened the boy. So the parents, fearing for his safety, sent him away that night and have not allowed him to return.



# What Is Social Equality?

## I

By E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

SOCIAL equality, broadly speaking, is a social ideal. In its restricted meaning it is merely a stimulus for arousing a system of more or less vague ideas highly charged with emotion. From most discussions of the subject it seems that the term must call up visions of hosts of white and colored people marrying and feasting together. Colored leaders in the South who pride themselves upon their diplomacy in race relations either avoid the use of the term or are quick to make it clear to white people that they do not want whatever the term might imply. To analyze the restricted use of this term would seem a more realistic approach were it not for the fact that even the average white man, especially in the South, resents intuitively any act or arrangement that makes the Negro appear essentially his social equal. We are justified, therefore, in discussing the broad and essential meaning of social equality.

Social equality is a principle of social union. Where there are no hereditary classes with special rights and privileges and the law recognizes all men as equal, we have an approach to this ideal. Most of the efforts of reformers and others are aimed at minimizing the influence of differences in economic and cultural status which prevent the realization of this principle.

THE principle of social equality is not very old. It is only in exceptional cases even among primitive peoples where the kinship principle is the bond of social union, that we find anything approaching social equality. The warrior and the magician have possessed special rights and privileges in societies with the least class differentiation. As social aggregates have expanded, principally through conquest, the principle of social inequality has become fixed in custom and crystallized in caste. Feudal society rested upon this principle. In western Europe during the Middle Ages society was graduated from God down to the serf. Landed estate differentiated the nobleman from the commoner. Class sentiment was stronger than the sense of political unity and the members of the knightly class had a stronger sense of unity among themselves than with the other members of their respective political units. It is only since the revolutionary era that states have recognized the principle of equality. The progress of states towards the realization of this principle is indicated by the present status of women who have generally been a subordinate class.

Societies based upon the principle of social inequality have legalized the rights of the different classes. The servile classes have been rightless classes cut off from intercourse with the upper classes. In England vassalage reached its highest development in the laws of Henry, which rated the murder of a lord by a serf as blasphemy punishable with death; while a lord guilty of killing a serf

was fined. Benefit of clergy in Europe became a class privilege of educated persons and the last traces of it were not wiped out until the 19th century. The development of industrial society was responsible for the prominence of competition in determining social function. In such a society the hereditary or caste principle was bound to collapse. But just at the time the caste principle was breaking down because of economic and ethical forces, the darker races became the source of labor power for securing raw materials. The white ruling class has reintroduced the old principle of social subordination or social inequality when brought into contact with these races.

The principle of social equality does not mean the denial of the existence of physical and mental differences among men. It means that no group of men shall deny to any other group of men opportunity for the fullest development of personality. It means that race, religion, or birth shall not foreordain men to a certain place in life. It should be noted that where society is based upon the caste principle, rights are not attached to persons but are prerogatives of classes. In the case of Negroes there are certain factors which make it relatively easy to make them a separate caste. They are differentiated from the rest of the population by color, by their general economic dependence, and by their low cultural development. They are thus easily categorized and their color becomes a badge of other qualities.

THE real fight of the Negro is for social equality. This is more clearly recognized by the average white man, it appears, than by even some Negroes of intelligence. They fail to recognize the full meaning of social equality. Their thinking has been confused by the defenses they have set up to protect their self-respect. The white girl who sat in the lap of the Negro servant boy who drove her home daily, but who stood up from Washington to Philadelphia rather than sit beside a colored passenger, had a keen appreciation of the real meaning of social equality. Negroes who demand full political rights and equality before the courts but deny any desire for social equality, are talking nonsense. They are in fact demanding some of the most important elements of social equality. The spread of manhood suffrage—recently including women—has marked the advance of this principle. The same holds true in economic activities. According to the principle of social equality all men are eligible to enter any occupation for which their skill and knowledge fit them. The general refusal to admit Negroes into certain occupations is a denial of personality. There is a deep feeling in the South that a white man should not be employed in occupations where Negroes are. In Baltimore, street cleaning and the col-



lecting of garbage are occupations for white men; in Atlanta, they are colored men's jobs. The writer has known of white office girls who used every excuse thinkable to keep from operating a mimeographing machine which was generally manipulated by a Negro. When a Negro was placed on the Boston Elevated Railway the caste principle was broken as fundamentally as it is wherever the right of Negroes to eat where they please has been upheld.

The stubborn refusal on the part of southern white people to use the democratic form of address towards Negroes on any plane of culture is only another evidence of their determination not to recognize the Negro as their social equal. The southern white man manifests the same attitude in his boasted benevolence towards Negroes while denying them the rights of citizens. The higher castes of India were similarly admonished to treat the lower castes with benevolence. Moreover, it is interesting to note how the southerner attempts to carry over into every new relationship the pattern of the traditional relationship which he thinks should always characterize his relation to the Negro. In communities where colored social workers have been employed for the first time, servants of the white social workers have been engaged. In one city it was the chauffeur of the judge of the Juvenile Court; in another the white probation officer's cook became the colored probation officer. The fact that the southern white man will not enter into any relation with a colored person, except where the latter is the acknowledged inferior, prevents any communication of the white South with the intelligent and civilized black South.

**M**ANY white people willing, theoretically at least, to grant Negroes equal economic, political, and civil status, oppose the legalizing of intermarriage. Others hold that they are not willing to grant Negroes equality in these fields because it will lead ultimately to intermarriage. Most discussions of social equality center in this question; so any one who undertakes the discussion of social equality must face it. Our interpretation of social equality leads to but one conclusion. Any commonwealth based upon the principle of equality must recognize the right of any normal adult to marry any normal adult he chooses. A barrier of color is no more consonant with the principle of equality than a religious barrier. Men hold their love affairs of as much importance as the other interests of life, and a state that restricts their choice to a certain group erects a caste. Castes are always maintained by restricting marriage to recognized groups. Negroes are the most insistent that equality of status will not lead to greater intermixture than we have at present. This is probably sound for two reasons. Were the two races to meet upon a basis of mutual respect with the right to enter fully in marital relations, not only would the fascination of doing what is forbidden be lost, but the male members of the dominant white group would know that they would be held responsible for their acts. In the second place custom and public opinion would continue to determine the extent of racial intermixture. But public opinion must respect individual choice if there is equality. To say that

intermarriage will not result from free social intercourse is to deny the facts of nature. Sex attraction has never been bound by a color line. But it is naïve to assume that, if the law and public opinion were favorable to mix marriages, immediately ten million white people would marry the ten million colored people.

Negroes seeking to gain the white man's good will often use the specious argument that Negroes should not seek social equality because all white people do not enjoy it. This is only another example of the artifice of the suppressed group which learns to say what the dominant group wants to hear. Such a statement only beclouds the real issue. Capitalists, artisans, artists and ditch diggers do not mix indiscriminately and will probably never do so. Although southern white people believe all men and Negroes can sing and would treat them all as ditch diggers, not all Negroes are artists or ditch diggers. Nor should the respect due personality be confused with what a person giving a dinner-dance thinks of the eligibility of certain persons to be present. Even in cases where there is an exchange of social courtesies, white and colored should be free to engage in such where it is mutually agreeable without being driven out of town or ostracized. Even Indian caste sought justification in the fiction that character made the Brahmin caste. The world cannot be made to believe that character is always labeled with a white skin.

**T**HE bond of sympathy uniting people of similar tastes and culture breaks through the color line just as it breaks through national boundaries. Where either law or public opinion prevents such communion we have the worst form of tyranny. There can only be freedom where there is social equality; where men have rights as persons and not as members of a class.

## II

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

**N**OTHING is easier to define than social equality. Take any typical specimen of a race which is busily asserting its superiority over some other race—"lily-white" from Georgia, for example. Note what this man is doing to members of the so-called inferior group—segregating them in ghettos, banishing them from theatres, libraries, schools, churches and other places of general public assembly, "jim crowing" them on the railroads and in the hotels, denying them access to trade unions, learned societies and the professions, refusing them all social contacts from eating to intermarriage. Now do the opposite to these pariahs—live with them, laugh with them, travel with them, work with them, worship with them, eat with them, marry with them, exactly as you live, laugh, travel, work, worship, eat, marry with other men, as accident and inclination may dictate. And this is social equality. It's perfectly simple. Just be neighborly with your neighbor, whoever he may be and—voilà!

The logic of the "lily-white," the Nordic, the Pharisee, the Brahmin, whoever the high-and-mighty may be, is of course the caste system of society, as we have it in India for example. This superior being would weight his un-



fortunate brother with a burden of prejudice, sink him to his appointed level in the social sea, then freeze the waters so that he and those whom he may spawn may never rise again. The logic of social equality, on the other hand, is a social system absolutely fluid, in which each man rises or falls according to his own specific gravity of character. This will give you not all men of a certain type at a fixed level, but some men of every type at all levels. Free a man of every superimposed and artificial weight—let him rise according to the measure of his own spiritual buoyancy, and enjoy the whole of life upon the level thus naturally attained—and *viola* again! This is social equality.

THE man who would deny social equality to his fellows has a hard time of it. What wonder that he wraps himself in the white sheets of ignorance and dons the peaked cap of superstition!

(1) *Science confounds him.* Anthropology knows nothing about pure races. We speak of "Caucasian," "Mongolian," and the rest; "but as a matter of fact," says Professor Dorsey, in his *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*, "no anthropologist knows where 'Caucasian' leaves off, where 'Mongolian' begins—a Negro of Atlanta is often a white north of Dixie." Biology knows as little of superior and inferior races. Superior or inferior to what? To one another, from the standpoint of each against the other! "If I measure by my foot and weigh by my body," says Professor Dorsey again, "I can grade the whole human race from myself down to the lowest, blackest Pygmy." But where is the external standard of absolute value by which all may be graded? Color may have physiological value, but no biological significance. Thin lips, universally characteristic of the white, are primitive, apish; thick, out-turned lips, like those of the Negro, are highly developed, human. The African's long arms are more animal than those of the European; his external ear in size and shape is less animal. Intelligence bears no exact relation to size of skull or weight of brain. Hair is only hair, as bones are only bones. Racial types differ from one another in physical characteristics, but not in spiritual grades. We are all superior and all inferior from certain standpoints, in certain relations. Absolute separations of high and low spring from conceits, and not from facts; they exist in prejudice and not in science. Nature, like Nature's God, "is no respecter of persons."

(2) *History laughs at him!* Men come and go; nations and races rise and fall. The black plantation hand of Georgia and Mississippi can look back to ancestors who maintained in glory the proudest civilization of their day. These ancient Africans gazed north from their temples and palaces on the Nile, and saw savage European tribes so "low" as to be beneath their contempt or even notice. These tribes are now become in turn the proud "Nordics" who rule the world and hold all nations under their feet. How long before they will tumble in their turn, to make way for other and different men? Will they not be fortunate if they endure as long as the Chinese? If survival is any test, what group can lay such impressive claims to superiority as these yellow men of the Far East? As a matter of fact, of course, we are concerned in these events of history not with blood but with culture. We are moving not at all in the internal realm

of essential being, but rather in the external realm of geography, economics, politics, laws, militarism, empire, and social forces generally. A thousand influences, playing constantly upon the universal substance of human nature, lift up and cast down nations. The man jealous of social equality should be extremely careful not to get too well acquainted with his wife's grandmother, or his own great-grandfather.

(3) *Religion damns him!* And why should it not? For religion brings us to God and to the universal kinship of men in God. Men are identical in all things that are essential in their organs and sensibilities, their needs and appetites, pains and pleasures, their joys, sorrows, aspirations, ideals and affections. "Hath not a Jew eyes," asks Shylock, in his great speech. "Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh, if you poison us, do we not die? . . ." What are peculiarities of race, nationality, stature, color of skin, texture of hair, compared with these basic identities of experience and being? What we are, all of us, is *men*; physically the offspring of animals, spiritually the children of God, in both cases brethren one of another. Custom may evade it, prejudice deny it, superstition fear it, but religion proclaims it. In nothing is religion real save in its assertion of the universal fellowship of men in "the one God and Father of us all." The person who repudiates this fact of fellowship betrays religion, and himself is outlawed of religion. "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen." Religion begins, in other words, with the love of men as men, and out of this love comes as a consequence the love of God. Therefore "this commandment have we—that he who loveth God love his brother."

SO we are all members of the same family and must dwell together in the same home? Exactly! Just as we all spring from the same dust of the earth, and live together as fellow-passengers on this one great planetary ship that sails the cosmic blue.

As a matter of fact, of course, we live constantly not together at all, but in little highly-selected groups of our own particular kind. Every social function or institution constitutes a process of segregation. Every theatre divides the country into those who want to see this type of play, and those who do not. Every operatic performance, symphony concert, vocal recital, sorts out the people who are musical from those who are not musical. Every newspaper sifts its readers from the great host of its non-readers. Every church separates those who like this type of religion from those who have no use for it at all. Every railroad segregates those who travel from those who do not travel. Even a sidewalk creates the world of those who move north and south, in distinction from the world of those who move east and west. "I do not live in his world at all," is a familiar saying. But some day I may live in his world, when I have extended my knowledge or refined my tastes; or some day this other may live in my world, when his desires and appre-



ciations match my own. These worlds or groups, in other words, are constantly forming and reforming. A man is not born into them as he is born into a family, but enters into them as he enters into a college or a public meeting. These divisions, therefore, follow the native inclinations of men's souls, and represent at any one time the free, unfettered choice of those gathered together. It is like the processes of nature, as serenely depicted by John Burroughs:

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny——

"The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave comes to the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me."

This is nature—and society as it should be organized on the basis of freedom and equality among men! But alas, while "time" and "space" and "deep" and "high" cannot "keep my own away from me," social customs, inequitable laws, and personal prejudices can. What chance have I of associating freely with my own intellectual and spiritual kind among men generally throughout the world, if I am a Jew? How many orchestra chairs can I buy for the play or the opera if I bring a black face to the box office? How much California land can I purchase for work among the farmers of that state if, in addition to expert knowledge of agriculture, I have slant eyes and a yellow skin? It is inquiries such as these which show that, even in America, our social groupings are no longer natural but artificial. They are losing their fluidity as free fellowships and becoming frozen as clans or castes. We like our own, of course; and just for this reason should we be free to seek and find our own. But who are my own? All the men and women who share my white skin, my straight hair, my racial characters, my national origins? God save the mark! My own are those of every race who share my thoughts, my dreams, my aspirations, who work and strive and sacrifice for the causes dear to my heart, who love as I love the things of God. And I believe in social equality without reservations or restrictions of any kind, because I want to find these comrades of my heart, whoever and whatever they may be, and share with them my life.

Society tends constantly to divide itself like a passenger ship into first, second and third cabins, with "no passing" between. I would have society as a single-cabin boat, all the passengers together, but freely sorting themselves out, some in the bar-room, some at the gambling tables, some on the dancing floor, some in the library, the vulgar with the vulgar, the refined with the refined, as taste, interest, inclination, affinity, may dictate of themselves.

#### IV.

THIS to the point of intermarriage, you ask? Why not, I retort. But—the intermixture of races, you cry in horror. Yes, the intermixture of races, I fling back! If this worries you so much, why get excited about intermarriage? Why not give a moment's thought to the intermingling of races that is going on all the time outside the marriage

relation in ways that are as easy as they are degrading the case of peoples separated by the prejudices of caste. Establish superior and inferior races in society, and at once you make the women of the inferior race the prey of the men of the superior race. You establish miscegenation on the widest scale and under the worst conditions. For such a situation there is but one remedy, and that is the recognition and establishment of marriage upon an equal basis of respect and privilege.

The problem of intermarriage is very simple. It is not in itself, for its own sake, to be encouraged, for reasons that have nothing to do with the two races concerned, and everything to do with the two individuals concerned. Marriage, in other words, is difficult enough even under the best conditions, without adding complications not inherent in the relation itself. The married couple who start with a minimum of differences and a maximum of identities between them are to be congratulated. For this reason is it wiser for a Protestant to marry a Protestant than a Catholic, wiser for a Jew to marry a Jew than a Gentile, wiser for an American to marry an American than an Englishman or a Frenchman or an Italian, wiser for a white to marry a white than a Negro or a Mongolian. Other things being equal, the closer the identity of origin, tradition and character between a man and a woman, the greater the chance of a happy and enduring marriage. But when love leaps the barriers, intermarriage is neither to be discouraged nor denied. The heart is here, as everywhere, its own best judge.

## Pressure

I TOLD the truth today  
And saw your eyes  
Filled with the weariness  
Of many lies.

And then I lied to you  
And saw your grief  
Drowned in the overflow  
Of sheer relief.

Truth is what you believe,  
And I can see  
Where you are blind, darkness  
Must cover me.

You buy your peace of mind  
With mine, and then you pray,  
And thank God I'm inclined  
To the right way.

LOUISE DRISCOLL



## Social Equality

Three Views by Southern Whites

### I

I AM a Nordic—restless, greedy, aggressive. As a Nordic I resent any interference with my desire to explore and possess the universe. I refuse to remain cooped up forever in my father's house, or village, or country, or race. I could encompass the earth, free to enjoy all lands and all peoples.

Because the bronze in my face is splotched about in speckles instead of evenly spread, must I be forbidden the friendship of Negroes? The intensest pleasure men can give me is their friendship—bewildering treasure! No two persons alike: each a new world to explore. But having to chase across six states to find a decent restaurant where I can take a friend to lunch is a beastly nuisance. I am furious at a racial caste system which shackles me, for I am a Nordic!

ARTHUR P. MOOR.

### II

DO not believe in *equality* of any kind. The varying and varied contributions of the forces of heredity and environment are such that one cannot say with any degree of assurance that two individuals are created equal or that they have achieved a state of equality. What standard of measurement can there be by which one may ascertain with accuracy the length, and breadth, and height of individual capacity and attainment? Not the color of his skin, but intellectual, moral, and spiritual worth should be the "open sesame" whereby one finds admission to cultural, social, and spiritual fellowship.

MARY DE BARDELEBEN.

### III

THE man who has been, and is to this day, the greatest inspiration in my life is a Negro. History records no more amazing story than that of the brilliant achievements of this humble son of a southern slave, who, handicapped by ill health, poverty and the thousand and one barriers that confront the enterprising Negro youth, overcame all and is today acknowledged as one of the world's greatest scientists, holding membership in the British Royal Society of Science.

In the noble life of this saintly man I see the future of a great race. In his eyes I see the soul of a people, who have experienced God, and understand the meaning of the Cross.

The unique contribution of George Carver has made in the field of science and religion is symbolical of the contribution the Negro race is destined to make to our civilization if all unequal relationships are abolished and the Negro is given every opportunity fully to develop his personality.

I believe in social equality because it is impossible to believe anything else.

HOWARD J. KESTER.

## Eagle and Leaf

AN eagle said, "None soars as I!  
Chills and vertigos kiss my wing.  
My gondola a cloud, my Adriatic the sky,  
Of silken mist and purple my awnings swing.

"None soars as I! For I can in the night  
While groveling worms with cold are a-shiver,  
Opening with my beak inviolate hasps, drink light  
From chalices of a garden where great stars quiver.

"Or with pulsing oars, upon snow-filled days,  
While groveling worms with cold are a-shiver,  
I imbibe calcining ribbons from his rays  
With my claws fastened to the rim of the sun.

"None soars as I!" He was off to the sky.  
And rising he repeated, "None soars as I!"

"Who are you?" "A dry leaf." "Whence come you?" "From high—

From very high I come!" "Have you wings?" "Not I!"

"Dry leaf without wings, what put it in your mind  
To scale heights loftier than my realm?" "The wind!"

Do you comprehend, street-hangers and churls?  
Let the stupid take heart, slow wits doubt no more:  
If over the world a mad wind whirls,  
Higher than the eagles the dry leaves soar!

Translated by Muna Lee.

SANTIAGO ARGUELLO (Nicaragua).

"If I measure by my foot and weigh by my body, I can grade the whole human race from myself down to the lowest, blackest Pygmy. Man is usually measured and weighed that way, and with the same result: 'high'; 'low.' The 'highest' are the whitest; the 'lowest,' blackest; when the grader is white. It is good psychology—self-love is the first law of life—but not good biology. Imagine dogs graded from 'high' to 'low' by a Pekinese pug, a Mexican hairless, a Scotch collie, an Australian dingo, or pigeons graded by a pouter, a carrier, a fantail, a tumbler, a rockdove! \* \* \* \*

"But the 'racial purity' and the 'racial inferiority' behind such books as McDougall's *Is America Safe for Democracy?* Chamberlain's *Foundations of Nineteenth Century Civilization*; Grant's *The Passing of the Great Race*; Wiggam's *The New Decalogue of Science*; Gould's *America a Family Matter*; and East's *Mankind at the Crossroads*, are bunk pure and simple. If these United States wish to restrict immigration to 'Nordics' or to this or that political group, why not say so and be done with it? To bolster up racial prejudice or a Nordic or a Puritan complex by false and misleading inferences drawn from 'intelligence tests' or from pseudo-biology and ethnology, is to throw away science and fall back on the mentality of primitive savagery.

"Evolution produced a human brain, our only remarkable inheritance. Nothing else counts. Body is simply brain's servant. Treat the body right of course; no brain can function well without good service. But why worry more about the looks, color, and clothes of the servant than the service it performs?"

—George A. Dorsey's *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*.



# On Being "Superior"

ZONA GALE

**A** FEW years ago ten young women withdrew from the sororities of the University of Wisconsin. They did so in disapproval of sororities as flawing the democratic spirit of the university—not so much because of injury to those students who were not sorority members, as because of the harm to the sorority members themselves, expected as they were constantly to magnify their own group.

Once a minister returned from a state convention of his own "denomination," and said: "It was a meeting of the finest lot of Christian people it has ever been my good fortune to see assembled."

Societies are not unknown which meet and say in effect: "Brethren, there's nobody like us."

Self-magnification is ridiculous. And this we know for self or family. The child who says "Me first" is disciplined. The man who tells of his own achievements is a jest in club and camp. The family which says that its ancestry, its position and its own prowess exceed those of others is a laughing stock.

But when a race says: "We are better than any other race," its members gravely concede that it is so.

Yet the child intent on self is disciplined because of the effect of self-laudation upon his character. The self-centred man is ostracized because not many can bear with his foibles. The family which tells of family offenses in taste. All three brush away delicate tentacles and harm and hinder their own chances for usefulness.

But the race which announces its own superiority is not disciplined, ostracized, laughed at. It is believed, by its own members.

This absurdity may well concern us, not only because of the injustice thus done to other peoples, not only because of the offense against the obvious inner rules of the human game; but also because of the certain effect of this superiority psychology upon the race which indulges in it.

## II.

**P**ICTURE two groups on the immemorial desert island, one of which completely concedes its own superiority. Assume that the superiority complex is perfectly well founded—if that is the right word for the rooting of a complex—and that one group is superior to the other. And suppose that this well-founded superiority is expressed in the following manner:

By a refusal of the first group to permit the second group to vote with it, on the same day and place, at the Island polls.

By a refusal of the first group to give social recognition to the members of the second group, including those who prove their own fitness and desire for educational or creative or other work.

By a refusal of the first group to sit at table, or in any public place, with members of the second group, no matter how signally these have proved themselves to have intellectual common ground.

By a refusal of the first group to permit the second group to live on one side of the desert island, or to join in club or sports practised there.

By a custom of the first group to apply to the second group on occasion, lynch law.

Even granting the superiority of the first group at every point, what will be on that first group the effect of such rulings as these, over a given period of time?

It needs no psychologist to answer. Any teacher in a public school, any member of any unit of human beings knows that the admission of self-superiority, even when true, becomes at last the great illusion.

Why?

Because nobody can continue to assert that he is better than others and continue to remain so. There is some social and scrupulous law which attends to this.

## III.

**N**OW a member of the first island group wishes to be heard. He sweeps aside everything by a mathematical statement:

"Remember that the members of Group II outnumber the members of Group I many to one. Our only safety is in physical ostracism and an intellectual blockade."

One wonders: But when there come out of Group II men and women eager for education, for group activity, for social gifts, creative gifts, equipment, actual accomplishments, what shall be said of the superiority of Group I if its superiority, indeed, demands that such go unrecognized?

The member of the first island group replies: "You do not understand us. We would be the first to help them."

"But they do not want help. They want equality."

"They are not equal! They belong to Group II."

## IV.

**W**OULD it be an *impasse*?

No. Those two island groups could never reach an *impasse*.

For either in Group II there would be those who would wake up, and think, and recall their ancient powers; or from Group I there would rise the voices of those who would not to be wiser, nor more socially-minded, nor more virtuous in either brotherhood or democracy; but who know the value of the illusion of separation from the rest of human kind.

And if both groups would waken, how well might they have served the future of that hypothetical island. . . .

## V.

**B**UT what if that second group on our island should consist of a diversity of rich gifts and potentialities of which the first group would thus be depriving itself and its children? This would be the old colossal folly of the nations, and of the races, which do not yet know that living beings rise and fall together.



# Unthanked Workers for Democracy

WILLIAM PICKENS

THE under classes of society who toil and consume, pay through our economic organization a large indirect tax for which they get no receipt and no credit. Just as an oppressed class which struggles effectively against its limitations, confers upon the general society, even upon the oppressor, blessings of social advancement for which the struggling class gets no credit and no honor. The American Negro, in his three-hundred-year-old fight against oppression, has made supreme contributions to the progress of liberty and democracy in America. The ideals of American freedom would be today lower without these thankless gifts,—American life poorer without these unreceipted payments.

It was the Negro's struggle to free himself that made this slaveless country. We forget that the desire for universal freedom was first born in the heart of the slave himself, and we are disposed to credit everything to his more intelligent sympathizers and counsellors, and to his later comrades in the fight. The first abolitionist was the discontented bondswoman; and the first emancipator was the runaway slave. The sentiment and coöperation of a large part of the enslaving race was a consequence of this persistent and perennial struggle of the slave. Remember that it took these slaves 150 years, during which time at least 100,000 of them had to run away and plead and agitate and fight and die, before they could educate an effective majority in the master race to pass the Thirteenth Amendment. And do not forget that without the fight of the slave to be free, we might not yet have arrived at the Thirteenth Amendment. The first slave who broke for liberty gave the first vote for that amendment; and the trails of blood along the winding paths of escape were the hieroglyphics in which were written the first drafts of that fundamental law. Before the pen of Abraham Lincoln there had to be the tongue of Frederick Douglass. And this milepost of freedom, set by the struggle of the Negro slave, did not measure his progress alone, but also the progress of the civilization of which he was a part. The Amendment does not protect Negroes only; it is a shield to the freedom of every individual in the republic, even of those who opposed it. The slave freed himself, but the grand result was that he built a bulwark around the liberty of every other man; and especially did he free the "poor whites" of the slave commonwealths from the limitations and economic handicap which had made them the outcasts of slaveholding society.

The powerful black minorities in some of the reconstruction legislatures incidentally brought to the poor whites their first chance to be educated at the public expense, while the blacks were voting primarily for the privilege to educate their own children. And the school-hungry blacks benefited the poor whites not only by votes in the legislatures but also by the challenge of their ambition to hustle for education against great odds. Poor white mothers were inspired to take their little ones out of the fields and mills by the example of black mothers who stuck to the washtub and the cook

stove to send their little ones to the newly opened schools.

AS a free man the American Negro was bound to be the butt of mob sentiment. For two generations he has had to wage an uphill battle against lynchers, and against the reactionary sentiment and the trick laws which have sought to destroy or degrade his citizenship. In this opposition he has achieved, and is yet to achieve, some notable victories for the posterity of the whole people, against racial and class segregation, in behalf of equality before the law, and for a common public school.

In the great "Arkansas Cases" which the colored people began against the state in 1919 and closed successfully in 1926, the precedent was established in the national Supreme Court that a judicial decision rendered in obedience to dominating mob pressure is not "due process of law" within the meaning of the constitution. A decade before the colored people had won this victory and established this precedent, a Jew in Georgia, named Leo Frank, lost his appeal and his life because the Supreme Court of the United States did not then consider mob pressure to be sufficient ground for invalidating the decision of a state court. But today this Arkansas victory of the organized Negro would offer succor to any similarly situated Jew, or to any American citizen of any race to whom local prejudice may be about to administer a judicial lynching.

The fight of black Americans against segregation of the ghetto type is also making a contribution to the advancement of the status of American citizenship. Until 1917 any local legislative body, even a city council, could, by a simple majority vote, forbid white and colored people to move into the same block or other territory. Such laws tend to create ghettos for the minority group. In 1917 after a hard fought legal battle, beginning in the state of Kentucky, the colored people proved before the highest tribunal of the nation that such legislation is both impolitic and unconstitutional. This was another victory, not alone for the Negro, but for American civilization, for it proved that the Gentiles cannot by law segregate Jews, and that dominating Protestants could not so segregate Catholics—and *vice versa*. Since this decision, however, the mediaevalists have burrowed from a new direction, making private agreements in contracts and deeds of sale to exclude some proscribed minority from a specified territory; and when this private agreement is violated by any party to it, the others propose to use injunctions of the courts of all the people to enforce this privately determined segregation. This attack on the integrity of American citizenship must be finally defeated. Such private agreements may not be unconstitutional, but the use of the power of the whole people to enforce such contracts certainly ought to be declared, in the light of the 1917 decision, unconstitutional. If this victory is won, it will be a defense to all minorities, not only to the Negro; if it is lost, it will be a loss to the dignity and worth of American citizenship.

And of all the contributions which the struggle of the



Negro has so far made to this country, he is now in a hard fight to make one of the greatest: namely, to keep the public school a *common school*,—open to all people, regardless of race or class. In the days of American reconstruction black votes in southern legislatures helped to make the public school universal; and in the days of the twentieth century black mothers and fathers, by many sacrifices, and sometimes by litigation in the courts, are fighting to make the public school democratic. If they succeed, they will finally establish the public school as the greatest American university, and our citadel of defense against race and group prejudice and other social superstitions. If under our constitution it be lawful to segregate the Negro child, it must also be lawful to segregate the children of any other outvoted group or class. The Negro's tired and struggling body may be filling a fissure in the dam of our defenses against a whole flood of such caste legislation. And besides, every honestly maintained segregated school is both an economic and a cultural loss to the majority as well as to the segregated minority, as can be easily demonstrated.

THIS Negro group is also a social thermostat setting limits upon our moral and religious level. We may write all the creeds we please, but ultimately the issue of the black man's struggle for salvation in our midst will either nourish or dry up the roots of our faith in the Brotherhood of Man. This is our test, and by this test in government and religion we must succeed or fail. Already this test has shown that in questions of democracy and justice, of right and wrong, we must deal with individuals and cannot successfully deal with races and classes. Justice or injustice must be done to individuals and not to a race; for deeds affect the welfare of individuals, of one individual or of many individuals, but always of individuals. Race is one of those generalizations which we substitute for the bother of thinking. We cannot really hurt or help a race; it is individuals that we hurt or help, directly or indirectly. The individual is a fact, a psychological unit, a personality, while "race" is an idea, a conception, a figment of thought and emotions. A race does not feel when we scorn it, the individual human object of our scorn feels it. Nobody ever lynched a race; in the name of race we may lynch some individuals and degrade others. No race can love and hate and aspire; those are attributes and activities of individuals. A race has no circulatory or digestive or nervous system, so that when we slay in the name of race, we slay individuals; when we try to starve a race, we but starve individuals; and when we offer insult, it is to individuals. Courts of justice and deeds of justice must consider individual men.

This fundamental basis of justice is not affected by the fact that under a certain racial concept we may find a greater proportionate number of individuals of a given moral or intellectual quality than under some other racial concept. We have an unscientific way of ascribing certain moral qualities to a race, because mayhap it is found in many individuals of that race; and then we call the differing individuals, if you please, "exceptions." But while in grammar the exception "proves the rule," or emphasizes it, yet in science one single exception absolutely destroys the rule. If one single Negro is intelligent and industrious, it proves con-

clusively, so far as science is concerned, that to be a Negro is not necessarily to be ignorant and lazy. If one white person is democratic and fair, it proves beyond peradventure that to be white is not necessarily to be snobbish and unjust. The great in every race are "exceptions" numerically, but both scientifically and ideally they are the possibilities of the race.

WE are trying to promote peace on earth. The greatest danger to future peace is insanity on this issue of race. If we carry a low concept of race in our dealings with individuals of that race, we will be continuing disturbers of the peace. If we discriminate among men on the basis of race rather than on the basis of individual merit, we will have friction with every man we meet. For in the end these same individual minds will be determining factors for war or peace. It is the mission of the Negro in America to prove that we cannot have jimcrowism, segregation, disfranchisement, inequalities of citizenship, and at the same time have justice, civilization and peace. These institutions are contradictory to justice and impossible to peace. They constitute a pile of combustible material to which any fool may any day add the necessary spark. When a race with the superiority complex has in its power another race of supposedly inferior people, there is going to be lynching. When a nation of "chosen" people has to deal with a weaker nation of humans whom they regard as biologically inferior, there is going to be a war. To be possessed with a superiority complex is to be continually tempted to do injustice to others. The New Testament teaching of respect and regard for the individual man is the necessary preamble to any declaration of peace on earth. If the Negro wins his fight for individual valuation, individual rights and individual liberty, he will put the civilization of man on a new high level.

A prophecy of what the Negro may yet contribute may be found in the current expressions of that race, in print and speech and song. The most eloquent plea for Liberty and Equality in America today is in the mouth of the Negro orator; the most insistent and uncompromising demand for the support of the letter and the spirit of the law is in the Negro press; and the most ardent appeals to the humanities are in Negro poets and singers. The Negro is at present the most insistent and consistent advocate of our best national ideals. It is the spiritual, if not the natural, descendant of the white Americans of 1776. Black Americans are now the successors of Adams and Jefferson and Patrick Henry, and are carrying on in the twentieth century what they began in the eighteenth. The determining factor is in the environment, of course, as was true of the Revolutionist. But lofty aspirations may be rooted in self-interest. A rose may be nourished by barnyard dirt. In fighting to free himself today the American underman is advancing the banner of liberty on the parapets of the whole human rise. If he bursts his own prison, he will undermine the Bastille of all mankind. In saving himself he will serve his fellow-man.



# Not in the Headlines

## Military Objectors in Finland

The Federated Press reports that several youths called up for compulsory military service in Finland have committed suicide rather than suffer the torture accorded to objectors in prison.

## Philippines Near Military Despotism

Military despotism is seeking to enthrone itself in my country," asserts Antonio D. Paguia, councilman-elect of Manila, who was second time convicted of sedition because of criticising Governor-General Wood. The American Civil Liberties Union has taken up the case.

## Railroad Trainmen Pension Their Employes

Pensions for office employes have been inaugurated by the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. A maximum of 50 per cent of the wage or \$100 a month is provided. No age limit is set, but retirement will be arranged individually for each employe. One month's sick leave with all medical bills paid is also provided by the brotherhood.

## Liberal Government Against Russian Trade

Questions from Labour Members in the House of Commons have brought out the fact that in apportioning the special credits in aid of exports, the British Government has not yet granted aid for exports to Russia, and that the Parliamentary Secretary for Overseas Trade, Mr. A. M. Samuel, would decline to authorize such credits.

## Pullman Porters

The million dollar increase in the pay of Pullman porters and the wide publicity given to the company union come in the midst of the membership campaign of the (bona fide) Brotherhood of Pullman Sleeping Car Porters. The February number of the Messenger gives detailed statements about the whole situation, and an exact list of the new union's demands.

## Convicts Eligible for Workmen's Compensation

The burglar who was blinded by a dynamite charge while working as a convict in a California road camp has won his compensation case in the courts. The convict worker in California will hereafter be eligible to compensation in case of injury. The amount will be based on the wages paid for convict labor, which in this case were \$2.10 per day.

## Haitian Diplomat Here to Protest

Perceval Thoby, former Haitian Charge d'Affaires in Washington and now official representative of the Patriotic Union of Haiti, outlines under five main heads the points against the continuing American Occupation which he has come to this country to present to Senators Borah and King: 1. Popular elections have been deferred and the President designated by an unlawfully constituted Council of State. 2. Haitian currency has been depreciated and the national debt has been maladministered. 3. The land laws have been changed, requiring documents and proof of title which the peasants did not possess. American companies have thus secured title to lands occupied by families for several generations. 4. Prostitution has been increased by the presence of the military forces. 5. By a secret and unlawful agreement, the period of American control has been increased from ten to twenty years.

## Ohio Court Bars Segregation

The Supreme Court of Ohio has ordered the Dayton Board of Education and the local Superintendent to admit Negro children to the same classes and buildings used by white children at the Garfield School, in Dayton. The decision outlaws segregation of colored children in the schools of the State.

## Guatemala Outlaws Strikes

The Congress of Guatemala has just passed a law making strikes punishable by imprisonment of strikers for terms up to eight years. Two years' imprisonment is the penalty for any striker who induces a strikebreaker to quit work. The military and court martial will be responsible for administering the law.

## "Labor's Reward" Prohibited

The Durham (N. C.) city council prohibited recently the showing of the A. F. of L. film, "Labor's Reward," in the new city auditorium. The application from the Central Labor Union of Durham for this privilege was the first request for the use of the expensive motion picture equipment in the new hall.

## Wages of Unskilled Labor

In an analysis of wage statistics from the U. S. Department of Labor Leland Olds of the Federated Press points out that the unskilled wage rate averages considerably less than 50 cents an hour. For those having the highest hourly rates reported for unskilled labor the annual earnings, at eight hours a day, would still fall below \$1,500.

## Pacific Labor Conference

The Australian Labor Party has sent out a call for the countries bordering on the Pacific to hold a Pan-Pacific conference at Honolulu in November, 1926. The call includes the statement that, "In addition to the question of peace and war, any business may be introduced, provided it be of joint inter-Pacific importance and is notified in time for its inclusion in the agenda of the conference." Time will show whether the restriction of Oriental immigration will be discussed.

## Jewish Students Attacked

On March 15 acts of violence were committed by Roumanian students, members of the anti-Semitic student organization on strike for the introduction of the *numerus clausus* against Jewish students at Jassy University, Roumania. The anti-Semitic students attacked the Jewish students who attended lectures at the university. Many were badly injured. Panic prevails in the Jewish quarter, all the stores being closed in fear of attacks.

## Political Prisoners in India

*The Servant of India*, in its latest issue reaching this country, says: "The Indian public cannot but regard as most disappointing the *non possumus* attitude of the Government of India in regard to the release of political prisoners which recently formed the subject of an important debate in the Assembly. . . . Roughly speaking, what the Assembly demanded was that nobody should be detained in prison without trial; and that those that have been so detained should be given an opportunity of refuting the charges made against them. . . . The so-called 'Bengal terrorists' have been rotting in jail for over a year without the public knowing anything of the charges against them, and the Assembly was right in taking Government at their word and demanding that if they have sufficient evidence against them, they should be tried under the ordinary law of the land."

(Additional Not in the Headlines items on page 126)



# AS WE SEE IT

## Behind Peace Programs

Consciously or unconsciously, peace workers must base their programs on definite principles of action. These principles will vary according to the prejudices, temperaments, study, and experience of us all. While consideration is going forward of the appeal made in these pages last month to the more thoroughgoing peace groups, and the question of a joint conference and program is still in abeyance, we wish to suggest, open-mindedly, some premises we believe should underlie any plans for coöperative action. How far, in our readers' opinions, are the following principles wrong, and how far right?

1. To secure attention, interest, and, at length, conviction on the part of large numbers of people, a program will not *begin* with institutions of international government, seemingly (though not actually) abstract and remote from the daily lives of the masses; but, instead, will first be applied directly and in simple terms to the personal relation of citizens to their government as that relation affects, and is affected by, the issue of peace or war. In no sense need this mean the encouragement of provincial nationalism; on the contrary, internationalism will thrive as never before when the masses begin to understand the facts about the war system and commence to lose their overpowering sense of futility in the face of it.

2. Popular appeals for peace cannot wisely be "strengthened" by linking them with official attitudes or personages. The predisposition of any capitalist government will be for peace only when peace is not too costly to our foreign investments or our foreign prestige. With such active War and Navy Departments as ours, with large military appropriations and establishments, with the weight of war sentiment and tradition still upon it, with a State Department whose negotiations are conceived of as being backed by armies and navies, the government must be regarded, unfortunately, as being among the least trustworthy agencies to protect the peace in a critical juncture. It is a tactical error, therefore, when carrying appeals to the people to support complete disarmament, to preface them by pacific quotations from President Coolidge or Mr. Mellon, neither of whom advocates anything one-tenth as drastic. When the inevitable split ensues, and Messrs. Coolidge and Mellon come out squarely against complete disarmament, where will go the people who, without conviction, swung behind the movement for it under the hypnotic sway of such impressively respectable associations? General Tasker H. Bliss, for example, has been quoted for years by the peace movements in their appeals for disarmament, and worthy of high regard he is; but he now voices his concern lest disarmament be too much hastened and no concession be left for the right to make war. The safest support for peace programs and appeals is not the prestige of semi-official endorsement, a fickle thing at best, but the whole-hearted beliefs and the dependable personalities out of which they have grown.

3. As in any other long-time campaign for the creation of a new public viewpoint, we must count for ultimate victory on the accession to our ranks of the most intelligent and socially-minded of the next generation,—and, perhaps, the next

one after that, or more. Our duty to the oncoming generations is to clear away the confusion of terms and purposes with which the question of peace is now befogged, and present to the youth of tomorrow a clarified issue, an issue sharp and challenging enough to enlist their enthusiastic loyalty in high endeavor. Such has been the progress, in broad outline, of most victorious movements for non-violent social change. We need not fear the inevitable conflict associated with the promulgation of drastic programs; until the light of such conflict are drawn and the issues dramatized, the struggle has not in reality begun.

4. The greatest danger of war, so far as this country concerned, lies not in openly militaristic bodies, but, rather, in the men and women of good will whose idealism is appreciably tintured by realism,—the people who will support only such wars as can be made by their proponents seem crusades for noble ends. These are the people who constitute, in this topsy-turvy land of ours, the bulk of the peace movement as a whole. Since time and funds are limited, it is in general better policy to direct educational efforts toward this enormous group rather than toward the ultra-chauvinists. Unless frankly recognized for what it is, the "boring from within" process, however, is hardly to be commended, and at best it presents great danger. Co-operation, with openly stated differences of opinion, many instances of it prove, is highly desirable; but never the sacrifice of open adherence to radical positions.

5. Unless the "left-wing" peace organizations are aggressive now in carrying a *thoroughgoing* program to the people with all the resources they can jointly muster, the issue will appear to lie where it does not truly belong; namely, as between the militarists on the one hand, and, on the other, those who believe in the lessening of war in general but wish to reserve a few wars in particular to take part in with occasion warrants. Such an issue would, in fact, be fatal and to have the line drawn thus would only serve longer to continue the confusion. The real issue lies between those who believe in war as a final, though not a desirable nor immediate, arbiter; and those who would from now on (by somewhat different methods, to be sure) eliminate the armament of war *completely*. It behooves the groups who fall into the last category to work out a program fully as radical as their honest convictions dictate, minus all temporizing, all softening of terms, all expedientist devices whatsoever which they are constantly tempted to employ for the sake of reaching larger numbers sooner. For in immediate numbers of professed adherents half-hearted in their devotion to peace, and easily obtained, lies not strength but fatal weakness.

Among the organizations committed to thoroughgoing peace programs important differences of method and viewpoint do, indeed, exist; but, in our opinion, no differences exist sufficient to prevent a measurable degree of effective coöperation.

## Hoover, Czar of Radio

The total number of radio listeners in the United States on any given evening is at present beyond reliable computation.



on. That it amounts to millions is beyond doubt. The New York Edison Company estimates that in the metropolis one in every three families owns a radio set; and Census Bureau figures show that in rural districts radio sets are being purchased faster than tractors; Illinois, for example, possesses nearly 28,000 farms equipped with radio receivers. In the United States, there are in operation nearly six hundred broadcasting stations. And not one of them, we believe, is owned or operated by a labor organization or any of the minority political factions! In short, in the sense of meaning the power to control the thoughts and opinions that are to be carried to this vast audience, we have already what is virtually a monopoly. Broadcasting stations are owned and operated principally by business concerns, many of which derive commercial benefit directly or indirectly from the sale of radio apparatus; by a few fraternal organizations; and by a number of churches and religious sects. They are continual surveyors of political reaction, economic conservatism, and military orthodoxy.

Will labor ever have a chance to reach the public's ear over the air? When the Chicago Federation of Labor recently proposed to erect a broadcasting station, the Department of Commerce, under whose jurisdiction radio interestingly falls, ruled that there is no available wave length for the use of the proposed station. The air, you see, is full, and that's that. The Chicago Federation is in fighting mood about it, and justly so; but even if it wins, radio broadcasting facilities will remain overwhelmingly in the control of conservative commercial, military and religious interests.

Meantime, in Congress, two important bills affecting radio are to the front. In the House, the White bill, H. R. 9971, amended with inadequate safeguards for free speech and freedom from monopoly, has been passed while these words were being written; in the Senate, the Dill bill, S. R. 1754, practically identical with the White bill, stands an excellent chance of remaining in committee till the session closes. Let us hope that it will; despite the inconvenience of the archaic rules of 1912 now regulating radio, better by far are they than a measure which more or less leaves the early-comers in exclusive possession of the ether, and which vests in Secretary Hoover discretionary powers which are czaristic of anything ever was. Will labor and minority political groups awaken to their danger and seek the enactment of more liberal legislation before it is too late?

## The League-Locarno Muddle

It is easy to blame Brazil for her eleventh-hour stubbornness at Geneva; but her action was probably welcomed by the powers whose secret machinations (begun even at Locarno itself) resulted in the deadlock. Does the stalemate mean that the League has "come" almost to the point of breaking up, that the "spirit of Locarno" is dissipated, and that the nations composing the League have "gone back" to the trading of strength for strength and the balance of power theory? The balance of power idea is obviously uppermost, as signified by the fear of France that Germany and England might be able to outvote her, and her desire to have Poland, Spain, or what-have-you admitted to the council. But little has broken down; for little, basically, has ever been built up. The League has kept together so long as it discussed ques-

tions which could be settled to the general benefit of the large powers; other questions it has rather consistently postponed or sidestepped altogether. The real spirit of Locarno, under the leadership of such devotees of *realpolitik* as Aristide Briand, Austen Chamberlain, and Mussolini, could be naught else but what it has been proved to be. Leagues, Pacts, Associations, Conferences, are just as peaceful, unselfish, and high-minded as the governments which compose them.

## All They Ask Is Sympathy

Our hearts bleed for the Republican leaders in Washington who are undertaking to prevent Congressional inquiries and investigations,—which become sometimes embarrassing, as in the cases of oil, tax remission, aluminum and—but why prolong the painful list? The cost (even in money) is staggering: the country has spent in this way over a million and a quarter dollars during the last sixteen years—and that, ladies and gentlemen, why it's almost as much as we spend on the army and navy every twenty hours! Hence the Republican majority wishes to provide for a review by the standing committees—controlled, of course, by the Old Guard—before these wanton impertinences are allowed to go further.

Investigations and inquiries, as shown by the dozens of them instituted by Republicans themselves in days of yore, are often wasteful; but not infrequently they effect great savings for the public. Not the least important thing about them is the fact that here we have, as in no other place, opportunities to weigh the merits or demerits of questionable acts by large interests, before the bar of public opinion.

## Uncle Sam As Educator

The Curtis-Reed bill for the creation of a federal department of education, the head of which would sit in the President's cabinet, is on its face a harmless measure, calculated to appeal especially to those who would like to see our federal expenditures for education more nearly approximate those devoted to military purposes. Were it passed, however, something would have been started whose growth and increasing power is hard to overestimate, and it is clear enough that so long as governments are what they are, the standardization of opinion in the schools would more than likely be encouraged. In fact, the bill contains a joker in Section 7, which provides for the permanent establishment of a Federal Conference on Education, to consist of one representative and one alternate appointed by the head of each federal department. Take, for example, the question of military training in the public schools; Section 7 of the Curtis-Reed bill gives the War Department a huge finger in the educational pie. All in all, it subjects the educational system to the domination of an officialdom untrained in educational matters and interested perforce in utilizing the schools for its own ends. Through increasing expenditures in later years as other wedges are driven after this one, it opens the way for goose-step education of the worst kind. Educators are divided on it. The Ku Klux Klan is not. Are the teachers and parents whom this reaches doing all they can to insure the bill's defeat?



## WORTH WHILE PLAYS

## THE FAMILY ALBUM

### Paul Jones

ONE of the most interesting revivals of this drama season is Arthur Hopkins' re-establishment of Sem Benelli's *The Jest*, played by an excellent cast and mounted with the beautiful settings that Robert Edmond Jones designed several seasons ago when it was first produced here with John and Lionel Barrymore. *The Jest* is a permanent fixture in the theatres of Europe, and it is quite likely that we shall see it done here season after season, along with *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Hedda Gabler* and the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

*The Jest* is usually praised as a thrilling melodrama, and the lovers of old-fashioned, rip-snorting blood and thunder are advised to go and see it. We rather doubt the melodrama, however, and prefer to suggest that this violent drama of revenge is a true expression of emotional conflict; in other words not melodrama, weak and slipshod, but real drama of a stalwart classic order. This play of hateful passion among the medieval Florentines is psychologically real and excellently characterized. Alphonse Ethier's *Neri* is a great interpretation; Violet Heming is an excellent *belle dame sans merci*, and Basil Sydney a little too much given to sculptured attitude in his characterization of *Gianetto*. Maria Ouspenskaya of the Moscow Art Players contributes a notable performance in one of the many minor rôles.

John Howard Lawson's new play, *Nirvana*, did not prove popular, and has already closed, unfortunately. Unfortunately, because it is an interesting play of modern New York, a pageant of life in the hectic sophisticated set, a play that asks what meaning our jazz era has, suggesting that some old values have gone out of life, for good or bad, and that out of this spiritually bankrupt "gaiety of despair" a new faith may come, a religious dynamic that will purge life of its cruelties and poppycock; a love of life that will cure a sick civilization of such active cancers as war, greed, and criminal cynicism. Mr. Lawson does not formulate a new creed; nor does he accept any that are conveniently at hand. He is rather "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," asking us to keep our eyes open and watch for the coming of the Lord of the age of Einstein, wireless, jazz, aeroplanes, and the new psychology. The play was well acted with Crane Wilbur, Earle Larimore and Juliette Crosby in the central rôles. Mordecai Gorelick's settings seemed too solidly realistic; they might have helped interpret the mystic overtone of the play more than they did. If modern composers are anxiously looking for a play to turn into a good jazz opera here is one that strikes us as worth doing. And why not a jazz score for Mr. Lawson's *Processional*?

At the Provincetown there is an excellent revival of O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*, with Charles Gilpin, the original *Emperor*, playing the part with his customary humor and intelligence.

COLEY B. TAYLOR.

IF you walk into the office of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in New York City, you will find a pleasant-faced, young-looking man, smoking a pipe. He is quite unruffled by the interruption, removes the pipe from his mouth, and prepares to listen while you talk. He is the Right Reverend Paul Jones, Bishop in the Episcopal Church.

Now a socialist-pacifist Bishop ought to be one of those taciturn, ascetic-looking church officials, not one of the portly prelates who suggest that a man must be of a certain weight before he can take a seat in the House of Bishops. But Paul Jones is neither. He does not boast even a clerical voice and much less a clerical collar. He is tall, but neither fat nor thin, neither bald-headed nor gray-haired. Occasionally while he talks he puts back a lock of hair from his forehead, and you realize that he is a little shy.

Two typewriters are clicking in the next room, but the Bishop does not shut the door. Anyone can walk in upon him without annoying him, and everybody does. The folks in the Fellowship office and in THE WORLD TOMORROW office next door come in at any moment, borrow his hammer, get him to fix something that needs mending, or ask his advice about writers for coming numbers. (Once when he was Bishop of Utah, one of his clergy called him on the long distance telephone to ask him what to do about the vermin in the Rectory cellar.)

Perhaps part of his almost phlegmatic serenity is inherited from a father who was for 40 years Rector of St. Stephen's church, Wilkes Barre, Pa., and from a grandfather who was for 33 years Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, New York City. The U. S. Department of Justice might as well try to deport an American Indian to the country from which he came as to deport Paul Jones to a foreign land. The original Jones came from Wales, but that was about 300 years ago and the Government memory does not go back so far. To deport a Son of the American Revolution would be difficult, not to say impossible. It is simply not done.

How did a youth brought up in an impeccable private school, Wilkes Barre, a product of Yale University and of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., come under the eye of the Department of Justice anyway? The downward path did not begin in college. He entered into all the proper social affairs, took part in the dances and games, and graduated in 1902. Not till nearly the end of his three-year course in the theological school did he depart from the straight and narrow path of the conventions. He was one of the most promising and intelligent young theologues of his class. It was expected of course that he would come back as assistant to his father in Wilkes Barre, or at least accept the position offered him at the big city parish of St. George's, New York.

But Bishop Spalding, that giant socialist Bishop of Utah who was too big for his enemies to capture, came East about that time and asked Paul Jones to come back with him and work in the mission district of Utah. A man was needed who could live among the students at the State Agricultural College in Logan, as their pastor to be sure, but more as their friend. Paul Jones went out to Utah and lived among these students for eight years, from 1906 to 1914. He and a friend worked together and edited a paper called *Portal*, sharing with the students in this way the books they read on every kind of subject, and the ideals of Christian Socialism which Paul Jones had come to hold.

In 1913 he was married, and in 1914 came the tragic death of Bishop Spalding. The House of Bishops almost immediately elected Paul Jones as Bishop Spalding's successor. Before his consecration he became a member of the Socialist Party so there should be no misunderstanding about it afterward!

It was safe to talk peace in this country before we went into



Even in 1916 Jones spoke at an Open Forum during the Gen-Convention in St. Louis on *Christianity and Force*, maintaining war was always unchristian. That afternoon as Bishop Jones in the House of Bishops, Bishop Williams of Michigan passed shook hands, and with a twinkle in his eye remarked, "almost persuaded me to be a Christian."

The United States entered the War. Bishop Jones' utterances in it savored of "Pro-German Kaiserism." (It was before the days of Bolshevism). He was consistently maintaining in sermons and forum addresses that war was always wrong. What was that Kaiserism? He organized a branch of the Peoples' Council in it, and was thus openly associated with others in the United States who were working to repeal the conscription law. *The Church* called it sedition. War hysteria swept through the land, through P. E. Church, and through the House of Bishops.

Bishop Jones went to California to bring his little daughter back to Utah. He stopped in at a conference of Christian pacifists in Pasadena, and was asked to open the meeting with prayer. While praying, the citizens of Pasadena in the street outside sang the Spangled Banner. Bishop Jones left that evening on his way to San Diego for his daughter. The Utah papers meanwhile came with headline articles, "Swarms of Police Chase Bishop Jones." "Bishop Jones Flees Deck of Burning Peace Ship." On his return to Utah, he was greeted with a letter from the Council of Advice of the Missionary District asking for his resignation. His request for specific statements about the general charges made in the letter was regarded. At the suggestion of a committee appointed by the House of Bishops, Bishop Jones asked to have a commission look into the matter. He was invited to appear before the commission to state his case but was told to wait while the commission was meeting.

The three Bishops on the commission then read him their decision (based on second-hand reports from Utah) asking him to resign from his bishopric. So he resigned, and has never since then held a seat in the House of Bishops.

When I first realized that his case had never been heard even by the commission appointed for the purpose and still less by the House of Bishops, I exclaimed, "But didn't you ever make the facts known?" "Why, no," he said. "What good would that have done?" It was not a time for reason or justice. If anyone wants to know, to recall, how it felt to be a pacifist at that time, let him come in and read the newspaper clippings about "cowards", "actions that are despicable, outrageous and deplorable", and worse.

Bishop Jones left Utah and worked under the Bishop of Maine as a missionary along a chain of stations north of Bangor. The common people heard him gladly. He helped to paint the little wooden churches, he preached on Sundays, and lived among the people as one of themselves. In 1920 he came to be Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and has continued in that work.

What are the terrible ideas for which this "Bolshevist" Bishop stands? He says himself, in "The Philosophy of a Madman", "I accepted the idea that Jesus' principles applied to all human relationships and that fundamental among those principles were the same value of personality, the necessity of putting the kingdom of right relationships before everything else, and the use of the creative power of love as the great method of overcoming evil." It sounds harmless enough in the abstract, but when applied fearfully to concrete situations into what trouble can it lead a man!

Bishop Jones might at least be bitter toward the people who wrote those nasty letters and put him out of his diocese, but apparently isn't. He has a wife and two children to take care of, no private home to fall back upon, no certainty or security for the future. He is as untroubled as the proverbial lily in the field. He goes to a cheap restaurant at the lunch hour, gets a sandwich or two and a glass of milk, and carefully enters the cost in his accounts. He knows every detail of the Fellowship work, keeps its affairs in good order, and never asks anyone to do anything he is not willing to do himself. He speaks one evening at a Socialist gathering of workmen, and preaches the next morning (in Episcopal robes) at a

ritualistic church. He has ridden in a police patrol wagon with a Communist when both were under arrest for speaking on the street at a free speech test meeting. He still confirms candidates for confirmation when he is asked, because he is still a Bishop in good standing (if not in good sitting).

Impossibly good, you say? Oh, no, Paul Jones is most human and humorous. He is not eager to take suggestions about changing any of his ways. He is very sure he is right in small things as well as in large. He is quizzical when he disagrees with you.

Like William James he is "against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way—under-dogs always, till history comes, after they are long dead, and puts them on the top."

Now after seven years the "Bishop Jones case" continues to trouble the consciences of some of the Bishops, but it doesn't trouble Bishop Jones at all. Perhaps it is fair to predict that the name of Paul Jones, socialist and pacifist, will be remembered long after the names of the three Bishops who "heard" his case have been forgotten.

## With World Tomorrow Coöperators—Becoming Members

OUR paper—yours and ours—has turned an important corner. On March tenth, THE WORLD TOMORROW, Incorporated, completed its organization as a membership corporation to take the place of the Fellowship Press. The old officers reappear on the new board, with the editors and six tried old friends of the paper.

You, our Coöperators, are the members of the corporation. Every man or woman who gives at least five dollars a year to THE WORLD TOMORROW may be elected to membership by the directors.

WHILE the business income rises with a steadiness that is encouraging, we cannot expect it to cover more than 35 per cent of our budget this year. The rest is contributed by the Coöperators. In fact, without you, the paper could not continue to exist.

At the Annual Meeting next October (the fourth Monday) the members will elect the Directors for the following twelve months.

FORTUNATELY, the Coöperators have in the past sent widely different sums, and we shall face calamity if the five dollar membership is taken to suggest that the larger gifts are not needed, or the smaller ones are despised. We considered and rejected the idea of membership groups classified according to the amounts contributed. All contributors, whether of \$5, or \$500, will be on the same footing.

MISS GRACE HUTCHINS, April, 1926  
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## Welsh Bill Against Military Training

Representative Welsh, a member of the House Committee on Military Affairs, has introduced a bill (H. R. No. 8538) which would eliminate compulsory military training from all schools and educational institutes other than essentially military schools. A hearing on the bill has been promised. The Senate meanwhile has passed a military appropriation larger by forty million dollars than the military appropriation for the previous year.

## Labor Congress on Migration

The Labor and Socialist International and International Federation of Trade Unions have called a world labor congress on migration to meet in London on May 18. Labor delegates are invited from the United States, Mexico, Japan, China, Australia, New Zealand, and India, as well as from the affiliated European labor bodies. It is expected that economic and racial problems of the East will come up for discussion.

## Federal Bills

The American Civil Liberties Union issued the mililde of M a special statement on the pending Federal bills affecting civil li in the United States. The public is urged to use its influenc senators, congressmen, and committee chairmen to defeat the and deportation bills (known as Aswell bill and McClintic bill) McLeod sedition bill, and the Capper-Johnson universal draft The Howell, Dill and White bills for radio censorship are by the union as "measures which should be opposed unless amen The union is endorsing four measures: The Borah bill for repeal of the Passport Control Law which now vests with Secretary of State a final power to admit or exclude alien visi Senator Wheeler's resolution calling for an investigation of i trial spies; the Bacon and Willis bills for civil government citizenship for the Virgin Islands—which have been under control of the navy since their purchase from Denmark in and the LaFollette bill restoring citizenship to women who have it by marrying aliens. A pamphlet of information on these mea can be secured from the A. C. L. U., 100 Fifth Avenue, New

# WORKERS FOR PEACE

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# Books on Negro-White Relations

*The World Tomorrow reviews only books which it believes to be helpful and interesting. On rare occasions it includes unfavorable comment on a popular volume which seems sufficiently misleading to render adverse criticism imperative.*

## The New Negro

In Locke's volume, "*The New Negro*," has such special interest in connection with this number that we have secured two reviews instead of one.

SOMETHING beyond the watch and guard of statistics, Alain Locke says, has happened during the past ten years in the life of the American Negro. Something, he might have added, that is, temporarily at least, beyond even the finer measuring rod of understanding. For nobody, not even the Negro himself, knows exactly how great and how fundamental a thing it was that happened when, through their efforts to find a solution for their race problem, the Negroes made a sudden inturning and found their spiritual freedom within themselves. The marks of Negro success in business, in the professions, in education have been for a generation on the easy level of the eye. One estimated their importance even before the *Survey Graphic*, in its illuminating Harlem number, the material for which forms the core of this new volume, got together the records of race progress as they were illustrated in that vital city within a city which is the center of American Negro life. One saw the lines of the race's growth that led out from Harlem to Howard and Durham, Oxford and even to Africa. One saw the northward march of Negroes seeking a new industrial and social freedom and watched the growth of Negro colleges and magazines. But with it all, the Negro still remained a race unmeasured and apart. Then, to the Negro leaders of an earlier generation the new day added a long line of Negro artists and a prestige for that Negro art—new and old, from African sculpture through spirituals to jazz—that is the best possible interpretation of the reality and the vision of the Negro's race-life to himself and to the world. And the thing happened.

*The New Negro* is the first attempt to measure the depth and the breadth of this change in terms of the past out of which it came and the men and the material it has created. This unity of purpose is the only unity the book seeks or possesses. *The New Negro*, is, of course, not merely a record. It is an argument against the thought of color as a limitation of human life and opportunity, and a challenge to the new Negro to prove his case for his own equality by works and not only by words. Mr. Locke, as editor, himself uses the best of all evidence to make his position clear. Although there are—as there could be in any account and interpretation of Negro life in America—half a dozen analytical and historical essays, the editor lets the poetry and the music, the drawings and the tales which the new Negroes have added to our wealth of beauty, appear in the book to speak for themselves. He does not say, "the new Negro can write good stories," he prints Rudolph Fisher's *The City of Refuge*, *Carma* and *Fern* from Jean Toomer's *Cane*, *Sahdji*, by Bruce Nugent, that marvelously complete and dramatic expressionist tale all done in two pages. He analyzes the Negro spirituals, Paul Robeson's acting, Roland Hayes' singing, and he leaves the reader to judge three things for himself: how fine a release the arts are for imprisoned spirits, how much a fresh racial heritage may have to add to the wealth of American art and life, and how little the color of a man's skin has to do with his quality.

Actually, what with all the philosophy, sociology, aesthetics, economics represented in *The New Negro*, there are three poems which in their way give the book's entire range: *Creation*, a Negro

Sermon, by James Weldon Johnson, representing the world the Negro is born into, with this first stanza:

"And God stepped out on space,  
And he looked around and said,  
'I'm lonely,  
I'll make me a world.'"

*Fruit of the Flower*, by Countée Cullen, which might be sub-titled, *The Negro Heritage*, and which begins:

"My father is a quiet man  
With sober, steady ways;  
For simile a folded fan;  
His nights are like his days."

and *The Negro Speaks of Rivers*, by Langston Hughes:

"I've known rivers . . .

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of  
human blood in human veins,  
My soul has grown deep like the rivers."

It is the whole realm which the Negro poet has opened up for life which *The New Negro* explores. But the poets are not only the men who write in verse, but all those whose "souls have grown deep like the rivers," who have followed the Greek idea of poetry which is to make something grow where nothing grew before—the teachers, the scientists, the social leaders, the painters, dancers, singers and the story tellers. And so most of the men who have helped to transform the barren soil of Negro life in America are represented in this first complete record of the Negro's aesthetic heritage and traditions, his history in America and abroad, his hope ahead.

EDITH J. R. ISAACS.

WHILE the articles, poems, and stories now brought together in *The New Negro* roam over a wide field—from matters of world politics and immigration to those of literature and art—all are but aspects of one great theme, and a fundamental unity binds the whole. The central idea is expressed in the first of the papers by the editor himself: "It is a social disservice to blunt the fact that the Negro of the Northern centers has reached a stage where tutelage, even of the most interested and well-intentioned sort, must give place to new relationships, where positive self-direction must be reckoned with in ever-increasing measure. The American mind must reckon with a fundamentally changed Negro." Then follow well-balanced discussions or original interpretations of almost every phase of the life of the Negro in America today. Here will be found the story, *The City of Refuge*, by Rudolph Fisher (originally in the *Atlantic*), other stories such as have taken prizes in *Opportunity* contests, poems by Countée Cullen, Claude McKay, Jean Toomer, and others, and several solid essays of exceptional freshness and worth. Among these last perhaps the most permanently valuable are *The New Frontage on American Life*, by Charles S. Johnson; *Harlem: the Culture Capital*, by James Weldon Johnson; *Gift of the Black Tropics*, by W. A. Domingo; and *The Negro Mind Reaches Out*, by W. E. B. DuBois. About the decorations and portraits by Mr. Winold Reiss we are not as enthusiastic as some others have been; but, in view of the promise for the future, we single out for special commendation the work of Mr. McKay, who has succeeded more than others of the younger poets not only because he feels intensely, but also because somewhere, somehow, at some time he has taken the pains to get the technical mastery of his medium that many other young writers do not deem important. His firm sense of form is seen especially in his handling of the sonnet.



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far, so good. This is an excellent book, and it is indispensable to anyone who would be intelligently informed about the life of the Negro in the United States today. Just because it is a good book, however, it gives us opportunity to say a word that we have been pondering and that seems to need to be said.

to almost every phase of life in America today intrudes the t of the charlatan. Even in the learned professions the Negro his full share of quackery, of insincerity, of desire for apparent er than real success. If this is true in the ministry, in education, in medicine, even more is it true in music and literature. The ro is a romantic and highly artistic race; but its most recent tribution to music has been jazz, and to dancing the Charleston. uch things are mere fads, not genuine or sincere art, and before long, when America regains her senses, they are going out of ion. In the last analysis only that which is ultimately true and atiful can survive. We regret, accordingly, to see young Negro ers aim at merely sensational effects, and quite as much to see e of their friends praise the latest piece of hysterics or propaganda f it were a masterpiece. Recently an obscure versifier brought a booklet, and an intelligent college professor wrote of it, "The ic virtue is that of simple truth. We are reminded of no poet strongly as of Burns." Of *The New Negro*, commendable volume t is, Mr. Heywood Broun is quoted as saying that it is the most atiful book he has ever seen. All such superlatives are uncritical, to some extent misleading. What the Negro artist needs today discipline—the disposition to work hard and to be satisfied only n the highest ideals. After all, the race has so far produced no rry *Esmond*, no *Faust*, and no *Othello*, and, as Phillis Wheatley ended us, *Nullus in arte color*. With sincere effort, however, we hat the possibilities of the future are illimitable, and of the full tion of the promise the volume so capably edited by Dr. Locke pprophecy.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY.

## A Slam at Race Prejudice

N these days when dogma, prejudice and special pleading are once more rampant in the domain of racial theory, a book like Jean ot's *Race Prejudice*—recently translated into not impeccable English by Florence Wade-Evans—is both timely and soul saving. ictly a work of science it is not, nor a well-balanced and mod- tely worded popularization of a difficult or complex subject. Far m it. The author is not a bit anxious to restrain his passion or reduce his terms to the conventions of academic poise. He ful- mates, derides, satirizes. Moreover, Finot wrote twenty—over nty—years ago and much racial blood has flowed and mixed in interim.

Be this as it may, however, the French scientist and humanist nts on the side of science and an open mind and he does so with iction, lucidity, scholarship and humor. He takes the measure Gobineau's and Chamberlain's *Germans*, does short work with her de Lapogue's *Aryans*. He is little inclined to worship at the ine of a racial superiority rooted in a cephalic index. The latter, writes, "would have no more importance than a hand or a foot hich exceeded a certain size." Nor do other "symptomatic" physical its—nose, facial angle, shape and size of ear, height, etc., fare y better in his hands.

The treatment of *milieu* on pages 129-150 is to be sure a bit sketchy d not always discriminating, but even here the author's discourse of value in so far as he correctly emphasizes the limiting and nsforming function exercised by physical and social environment th reference to inherited traits.

In view of the early date of the publication of Finot's book, his phatic rejection of the myth of pure races is noteworthy. "In

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Through The World Tomorrow Book . \$3.00, postpaid.

# THE OPPORTUNITY DINNER

## A Negro Renaissance

The dinner given a few nights ago in honor of the prize winners in the literary contest conducted by the Negro magazine "Opportunity" was only a somewhat more conclusive indication of a phenomenon of which there have been many symptoms—of the fact that the American Negro is finding his artistic voice and that we are on the edge, if not already in the midst, of what might not improperly be called a Negro renaissance.—from an editorial in the "Herald-Tribune," May 7, 1925.

The \$1,000 in awards in the Second Annual Literary Prize Contest conducted by *Opportunity: Journal of Negro Life*, will be made at a dinner to be given by the magazine in New York around May 1, 1926.

Last year's contest resulted in 732 manuscripts,—short stories, poems, plays, essays, sketches—and proved the existence of a school of young Negro creative writers already being heard from. At the *Opportunity* dinner last year all questions of "race relations" and "social equality" were imperceptibly solved. Nobody seemd to be quite aware of them.

With a contest resulting in a larger and more significant body of material the *Opportunity* dinner this year is going to be doubly interesting. Particulars about reservations can be obtained by phoning Gramercy 3978 or writing

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present state of science," writes Finot, "the place of honor ascribed to pure races could only be claimed by certain savage or primitive peoples whose history is buried in oblivion." (*Exeunt* Germans, Teutons, Aryans, Nordics!)

In spite of the mighty strides made by experimental biology, in particular genetics, since the turn of the century, the pages devoted to cross-breeding are well worth reading.

In treating of national psychology the author tells a humorous story from his own experience dating back to 1898 when he asked a number of French poets, philosophers, psychologists, novelists and professors to characterize the "French mind." The kaleidoscopic pictures resulting from the replies may still do service as an object

of the character of a people," summarizes the author, "is thus only eternal becoming."

We need not think, moreover, that Jean Finot's scientific convictions and humanitarian principles reduced his world view to a drab nerveless internationalism. Far from it! Part IV reveals the beating heart of a red-blooded French patriot. France, his France, is the center of civilization, the cultural matrix of the globe, and she has become such not through racial purity and nationalism, but by dint of the racial complexity of her blood and the various debts she owes to increasing contacts with other peoples and cultures.

Interested in race, culture or the modern political scene, will you buy the book with profit, and free copies should be sent to our friends, the Nordicizing enthusiasts!

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER.

## The Weary Blues

AMONG our younger poets none, it is safe to say, has lived so adventurous a life as Langston Hughes. Last year, at the age of twenty-three, he put together the sixty-eight of his poems which make up his newly published volume, *The Weary Blues*, to which Carl Van Vechten supplies an introduction and Covarrubias a zesty jacket on the theme of the title poem. The verses are as varied as might be expected from such a youthful nomad; he sings of the sea, of far tropical lands, of Harlem cabarets, of the freedom and justice he covets for his race. Since the day when, as a bus boy in a restaurant, he dropped some of his verses at Vachel Lindsay's elbow, to have them enthusiastically received, he has trod the road valiantly. Some time, however, if not already, he may look back his years of hardship; for to them he owes much of the emotional sensitivity which distinguishes his verse. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop. \$2.00, prepaid.)

## Why We Behave Like Human Beings

ORDICS with a racial superiority complex will not like this book. Mr. Dorsey, who is an anthropologist, does not give them a biological argument for their contention that any one branch is superior to any other branch of the genus *Homo*, species *sapiens*. His winking humor almost fails him when he thinks of them, and he works finally, "To bolster up racial prejudices or a Nordic or a German complex by false and misleading inferences drawn from intelligence tests" or from pseudo-biology and ethnology, is to throw science and fall back on the mentality of primitive savagery." Not every one else, whatever his or her interests, position, education or refinement may be, will want to rejoice, laugh and ponder this scientific book about ourselves. The reviewer chose it for reading during a week's illness in preference to six supposedly alluring novels. It is commended on the jacket by eight well-known men,—a professor of biology, a professor of anthropology, two biologists, three novelists, and a playwright. (Published by Harper & Brothers. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, prepaid.)

## Labor Press

**ADVANCE, THE** (weekly) \$2.00  
Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. 31 Union Sq., N. Y. C. Jos. Schlossberg, ed.

**ARBITRATOR, THE** (monthly) \$.60  
Radical digest of news. 114 East 31st St., N. Y. C. William Floyd, ed. Also Publishes Social Progress, a Handbook of the Liberal Movement, \$2.50.

**COLORADO LABOR ADVOCATE** (weekly) \$1.00  
Owned by State Federation of Labor, State Council of Carpenters, Denver Trades and Labor assembly and 28 local Unions. Room 12, Nevada Bldg., Denver, Colo. Frank L. Palmer, ed.

**EMANCIPATOR** (tri-weekly) \$3.00  
Official organ of the Working People (Socialist), St. Thomas, Virgin Isles of the U. S. Rothschild Francis, ed.

**FUR WORKER, THE** (fortnightly) \$.50  
International Fur Workers' Union of U. S. and Canada. 9 Jackson Ave., L. I. City, N. Y. Morris Kaufman and A. Rosebury, eds.

**INDUSTRIAL UNIONIST, THE** (weekly) \$2.00  
Advocates revolutionary industrial unionism. Emergency Program Branches of the I. W. W., Box 3291, Portland, Ore. James Lance, ed.

**JEWISH DAILY FORWARD**  
Endorsed by Socialist Party, United Hebrew Trades, Workmen's Circle. Forward Assoc., 175 E. Broadway, N. Y. C. Abraham Cahan, ed.

**JEWISH WORKERS' VOICE** (monthly) \$1.00  
Order of the Jewish National Workers' Alliance of America, a Jewish labor fraternal order. Head office, 228 E. Broadway, N. Y. M. Brown and S. Goldstein, eds.

**JUSTICE** (weekly) \$1.50  
International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, 3 West 16th St., N. Y. C. S. Yanovsky and Max D. Danish, eds.

**LABOR** (weekly) \$2.00  
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**LIFE AND LABOR BULLETIN** (monthly) \$1.00  
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**LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' JOURNAL** (monthly) \$1.50  
A Magazine of Economic, Social and Political Progress. Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, 806 Engineers' Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio. Albert Coyle, ed.

**NEW LEADER, THE** (weekly) \$2.00  
Official organ, Socialist Party. New Leader Assoc., 7 East 15th St., N. Y. C. James Oneal and Edward Levinson, eds.

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## Flight

ALTER F. WHITE has written a stirring tale in *Flight*. This story of Mimi is so engrossing that one races to the end of it. Through the Atlanta race-riot reign of terror, sweet bitter experiences in Philadelphia and Harlem, white Man- and Paris, Mimi Daquin, a lovely Creole belle, moves, intelligent understanding, compromising, a heroine indeed and quite different from most of the fiction heroines that make their débuts each year. But *Flight* is more than a good story written with alert understanding and engaging beauty. It is an excellent picture of modern American life in the crucible of race relationships. (Published by A. Knopf. Through The World Tomorrow Bookshop, \$2.50.)

## Toward Interracial Cooperation

The proceedings of the first National Interracial Conference, held in Cincinnati a year ago, have just been published. They have great value in throwing light on the varying attitudes of working on interracial commissions and on their local activities. Occasionally some speaker interjected a reminder that the social problems such as Negro housing, are complicated by the "line," but in the main the bogey of social equality was disguised. (Published by the Federal Council of Churches in America. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$1.25 paper; \$2.00 cloth.)

## The Slave Ship

MARY JOHNSTON in this novel of the Colonial slave trade—*The Slave Ship*—has written the story of a white man's redemption to slavery. It is of compelling interest, not only for the insight of the story, which holds to the last page, but for the vivid depiction of racial conflict, and the understanding of its deeper meaning. (Published by Little, Brown and Company. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.00, postpaid.)

## A Short Reading List

### Chiefly of Recent Books

#### Studies by Negro Writers

- Souls of Black Folk*, by W. E. B. DuBois. McClurg. \$2.00.
- Long Heroes*, by E. R. Haynes. Dubois and Dill. New York. \$2.50.
- Al History of the American Negro*, by Benjamin G. Brawley. Macmillan. \$4.00.
- Negro in Literature and Art*, by Benjamin G. Brawley. Duffield, \$1.50.
- Negro Year Book*, by Monroe N. Work, editor. Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Ala. Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$2.00.
- Journal of Negro History*, edited by Carter G. Woodson. Published quarterly by the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Inc., 1538 Ninth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. \$2.00 a year. This Association has published in book form several valuable studies by Mr. Woodson and others.

#### By White Writers

- Races, Nations and Classes*, by Herbert Adolphus Miller. Lippincott, \$2.00. The best psychological analysis of group conflict.

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*Christianity and the Race Problem*, by J. H. Oldham. Doran. \$2.25.  
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*Green Thursday*, by Julia Peterkin. Knopf. \$2.50. Charming stories of Negroes in the rural South.

### Verse and Fiction by Negro Writers

*Harlem Shadows*, by Claude McKay. Harcourt. \$1.35. Verse.  
*Color*, by Countee Cullen. Harper. \$2.00. Verse.

*The Book of American Negro Poetry*, compiled by James Weldon Johnson. Harcourt. \$1.75.

*The Fire in the Flint*, by Walter F. White. Knopf. \$2.50. A novel of tragedy in a southern community.

*There Is Confusion*, by Jessie R. Fauset. Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.  
A first novel on life among educated Negroes in New York and Philadelphia.

*Cane*, by Jean Toomer. Boni and Liveright. (Out of print.) Excellent in impressionistic sketches.

### Negro Magazines

*Opportunity*, edited by Charles S. Johnson. Organ of the National Urban League. Monthly. \$1.50 a year.

*The Crisis*, edited by W. E. B. DuBois. Organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Monthly. \$1.50 a year.

*The Messenger*, edited by A. Philip Randolph and Chandler Owen. Devoted to interpretation of socialism and promotion of labor organization. Monthly. \$1.75 a year.

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## For Group Discussion

### I. "Thinking Black"

1. In what ways would a colored boy in your town be reminded every day or any day that he belongs to a race which white people look down upon?
2. How do such incidents tend to react on a child's opinion of himself and on his achievements? Is the fullest development possible in an atmosphere of hostility or of patronizing friendliness?
3. If he goes to a white college, in what respects will he probably be excluded from "college life"?
4. What are the practical alternatives facing a colored family which wants to move—and can afford to move—out of a congested city neighborhood? Is expansion of colored neighborhoods possible without encroachment on white neighborhoods?
5. Are Negroes right in thinking of themselves as more colored Americans than many white men?

### II. Social Equality

1. Can Negroes have "equal opportunity" without "social equality"? Why or why not?
2. Even if the findings of intelligence tests, purporting to show that Negroes have a lower average intelligence than whites, were scientifically unassailable, would they nullify the arguments for unsegregated living and free social intercourse according to tastes and abilities without regard to color?
3. Which race bears the chief responsibility for the mixture of the races hitherto?
4. Would racial mixture probably be increased or decreased if term marriage were accepted as a normal phenomenon? What positive advantages and what disadvantages would result from such a change in popular opinion?

### III. What White Folks Can Do

1. Is this a situation in which the individual white man or woman can help without waiting for his own social group to act with him? How?
2. What are the special ways in which white people who become "interested" in the "race problem" are likely to offend the group they wish to help?
3. Which would you consider more important personally to develop: a sincere desire to be fair to every Negro; personal friendship with congenial Negroes; the conscious analysis of one's attitudes in an effort to recognize what is unthinking and habitual, that is, prejudice; or an entirely unselfconscious attitude on color? (Can this last be achieved without at one of the others?)
4. Which do Negroes need most today: help, or respect for race, or respect and equal friendliness as human beings?

### IV. Interracial Co-operation

1. Which interracial group will accomplish more toward better race relations: one which exists to discuss the race problem or one which exists for both races to deal jointly with other community concern?
2. What matters in your community besides race relations concern both races?
3. Should Negroes be expected to continue to do the lowest work and fill a subordinate rôle?
4. Which will be better for the life of the U. S.: the development of a separate colored world of education, business, professions, or the breaking down of barriers and the admission of colored men and women to any post of responsibility in the (now) white world for which individual abilities of them?



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## THE PAMPHLET LIBRARY

PERHAPS the most important pamphlets for American readers on industrial problems are those issued by the League of Industrial Democracy (70 Fifth Avenue, New York). During last year the League has released Norman Thomas's excellent searching *What Is Industrial Democracy?* (15 cents); a revised and quite fresh version of Stuart Chase's pamphlet *The Challenge of Waste* (10 cents); and an analysis of the plans for nationalization of the coal industry and a brief study of superpower under the title *The People's Fight for Coal and Power*, by H. S. Raushenbush. But American readers should keep in touch with the publication of the Independent Labour Party of Great Britain (14 Great George Street, London, S. W. 1). Three interesting pamphlets which have come to us from this office are Oswald Mosley's *Revolution: Reason*, A. Fenner Brockway's *Make the Workers Free*, and Ramsay MacDonald's *Socialism for Business Men*.

The Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., the Director of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, who has placed himself on record many times as an opponent of socialism, now accepts many near-socialist tenets under the title *Industrial Democracy from a Catholic Viewpoint*. This "Robyn Booklet No. 2" bears proper ecclesiastical imprints and is issued by The Rossi-Brynn Company (521 Thirteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.), 25 cents.

A revised edition of Paul H. Douglas's description of *The Un-American Conserve Company*, a unique experiment in industrial democracy, has come from the University of Chicago as a paper-bound booklet. The New York Federation of Progressive Women (25 West 43d Street, New York) has issued for free distribution two "primers" on *Our Economic System* and on *Public Ownership* respectively.

On special phases of the labor problem three pamphlets should be mentioned. Kate Richards O'Hare as Director of the Research and Publicity Department of the Joint Committee on Prison Labor representing union-made garment manufacturers and the United Garment Workers, made a report to the last annual convention of the Union Made Garment Manufacturers' Association of America which is now available in pamphlet form (Joint Committee on Prison Labor, Bible House, New York). The discussion at the recent Women's Industrial Conference, when the Woman's party tried to break up the proceedings, lends fresh interest to the statement by Mary Anderson *Should There Be Labor Laws for Women?* Yes, reprinted from *Good Housekeeping* by the National Women's Trade Union League (311 South Ashland Boulevard, Chicago). And the latest development in the use of labels as a safeguard of labor conditions is described in *The Prosanis Label* issued by the Joint Board of Sanitary Control (31 Union Square, New York).

Only two organizations have sent us pamphlets on race relations in the United States. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (69 Fifth Avenue, New York) issues an annual report which is in itself a summary of important incidents and developments in race relations. In addition, during recent months they have distributed copies of the brief filed with the U. S. Supreme Court in the "Curtis Case" and other smaller pamphlets. A series of brief information studies on different phases of race relations is also being published by the Commission on the Church and the Relations of the Federal Council of Churches (105 East 22d Street, New York).

**15th**

Please remember  
**RENEWALS**

or  
**CHANGES OF ADDRESS**

should reach us by the 15th of the month to be counted for the following issue.

THE WORLD TOMORROW  
Subscription Department



# What is the Negro Problem?

"The Negro Problem," says the *American Economic Review*, "is primarily one of fact." Julia E. Johnsen's handbook, **THE NEGRO PROBLEM**, (Wilson Handbook Series) "as an interpretation of the leading aspects of the Negro problem of today, is unusually well organized."—*American Economic Review*.

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# The Last Page

IN his recently published memoirs, Colonel House says of von Tirpitz: "He insisted the way to maintain peace was to put fear into the hearts of the enemy."

In a recently delivered speech in New York City, Major General Charles P. Summerall gave voice to the feelings not only of himself but of a large body of American military men when he said: "I hold that the nation best prepared to defend itself is the least liable to attack."

And that's that.

\* \* \*

IN an advertisement of Colonel House's book, Lord Grey is quoted as saying, of House: "He has more comprehensive, intimate knowledge of American, British, German and French public men than anyone else has or had."

At last I know well enough why House has been called a tragic figure; for anybody with that kind of information, in such quantity, is more to be commiserated, in my opinion, than any other sufferer on this dizzy planet.

On second thought, however, my pity is not a little mitigated. As a matter of fact, the advertisement proves that Grey is wrong, and that House knew nothing of the kind. For he is quoted as stating that "if every nation had a Grey at its head, there would be no war."

\* \* \*

THE Communists that were sent to prison in England were convicted under an act dating back to 1797. In Massachusetts, Bimba, Lithuanian editor, narrowly escaped going to jail for blasphemy—under a statute dating back to 1697. In New Jersey they tried to land Roger Baldwin in prison for exercising his constitutional privileges of speaking for labor in an anti-labor, police-ridden city; I have forgotten the exact date of the law that was invoked, but it was passed not long after Columbus ate his first meal on San Salvador.

All of which inclines me to believe that we have been altogether too flattering when we have said that "the law is an ass." Obviously the law, at least that portion of it which seems to be the special province of those whose minds love to make fast progress backward, has not yet risen to the evolutionary level of the jackass. It belongs back with the three-toed horse.

\* \* \*

I BECOME increasingly annoyed by the people who conduct mental "tests" of one kind or another, and then throw out all the really superior answers as indicative of stupidity. A while ago some candidates for civil service positions appeared before the Los Angeles board and submitted themselves to testing. One candidate was asked: "If you found a man with a severe cut on the head that was bleeding freely, what would you do?" Whereupon, he replied, "I would put a tourniquet on his neck." Supposedly, he failed to get the job he wanted. That may have been fair enough; but if the city authorities had been astute, they would have done their level best to secure an appointment for him in the State Department. There isn't a doubt that he might prove invaluable, in a future emergency, in leading the whole country to back up another war to save the people from war. His logic is of the kind that for such service could hardly be excelled.

\* \* \*

TWO views of crime have gained wide acceptance in recent months. First, foreigners are worse than native Americans. Second, foreign countries have far less crime than the United States and handle the problem so much better than we do that we ought to study their methods.

\* \* \*

WHEN I think of the immense amount of printed matter that has been put out to emphasize the supreme importance of the child's earliest years, I marvel that nobody has yet started a crusade for more colorful environments for babies. We wonder why our children grow up devoid of imaginative reach, and fall easy victims to standardized habits of thought and action—and yet we standardize everything we can about the environmental stimuli of the infant. Who ever saw a little baby surrounded by anything other than white (a shade most trying to the eyes and disposition), modified by sickly, sentimental pinks and blues? Sometime I would like to try the experiment of raising a thousand infants by

starting them in at once, not amidst garish reds and purples, to sure, but in surroundings that ran through a succession of greens, cheery tans and yellows, blues that do not look as if they had been left out all night in the rain, and even, here and there, a flighty touch of rose or burnt orange. It would be interesting to see whether these lucky young ones would show any more aptitude when older, for lifting their intellectual feet out of the standard ruts in which society loves to hold their dainty little slippers. I guess is that were my prodigiously subtle scheme carried out on one whole generation, there would be a great increase, let us say, in subscribers to THE WORLD TOMORROW.

\* \* \*

OF course, there are those whose earliest surroundings are extraordinarily cute and dainty as to induce incipient revulsion which in later life breaks out in the strangest of ways. On other grounds can I, for one, account for the strange stunts devised by certain people to place themselves in the public eye. A mousetrap might have sufficed to bring the world to one's feet a century ago; but hardly nowadays. The tedium of routine existence requires something strenuously different, and we have seen during last year or two abundant evidence of the outbreak of suppressed desires. An ex-Czarist naval officer, a former American soldier and a German who had served in his country's torpedo boat flotilla have "expressed themselves" by cavorting about over the seven seas in a twenty-nine-foot boat. An erstwhile cowboy recently had a fling at life by undertaking to run an automobile, while manacled to a wheel and going without sleep, from Indianapolis to Miami. A wooer of romance not long since came to grief while making a trip of 50,000 miles around the world in a twenty-foot canoe. An ex-clerk actually succeeded in sailing around the world in a thirty-four foot boat; and in an eighteen-foot motor boat two men and a dog successfully completed a transcontinental inland water trip. The last cable received by this Page from Paris indicated that Charles Nicholas was still dancing strong after ninety-six ter chorean hours; though in Detroit a group of enthusiasts were demanding permission to run a Charleston marathon. Miss Kitty Charlay, long-distance talking record was challenged by a German actor in a fall, whose jaw was so flexible and whose tongue was so elastic that he really succeeded in talking forty-eight hours without cessation as he had sworn that he would. Boston has staged a Bible-reading marathon, during which a congregation of Seventh-Day Adventists read the Bible from cover to cover in fifty-five hours and forty-seven minutes. The Bible Memorizing Crusade, which is described as the American division of the Bible Success Band, has launched a world-wide movement with a great many adherents, who are trying to see how long they can continue to memorize a verse of the Bible each day without benefit of clergy. In France exist professional fasters, who instruct candidates in the art, and hold demonstrations which carry the invaluable fact to all France that these men are capable of going without solid food for thirty days at a time, without the sky—theologically speaking—as the limit. And in Folkestone, England, a laughing match produced a champion who makes I Page readers look like pikers by giggling, chortling, snickering, tittering, chuckling, guffawing, tee-heeing, ho-hoing, ha-ha-ing, haw-hawing for—well isn't that the limit, and just like an English newspaper? It doesn't say how long; but it states positively that the winner, Mr. P. Milligan, is by trade a professional alderman. So no wonder; that fact alone ought to have tickled him enough to give him a considerable headstart. It looks very much as if there was no stopping this sort of thing. In my opinion, every well-equipped hall of fame ought to have a first-class psychopathic ward.

\* \* \*

I HEARD from a reliable source this morning that President Coolidge was planning to introduce a constructive measure for the prevention of coal strikes in the future; that he was contemplating the issuance of an unqualified statement regarding disarmament in no unmistakable terms he was to indicate his stand on agricultural problems of the Northwest; and that before long he would refuse point blank, without any equivocation whatsoever, to run again in 1928; and that in the future none of his acts would be dictated by political reasons.

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in the rain!

From an actual photograph taken in the soft-coal region of Pennsylvania.



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